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Selections.

THE CONDITIONS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

LETTER FROM ROBERT DALE OWEN.

To the Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State:*

SIR: You have reminded us that peace must come some time, and that conferences, in some shape, must precede or attend it. We do well to bear this in mind, and to inspect, beforehand, the ground which we shall by and by be called upon to tread. There must, at last, be certain conditions of peace.

You have intimated your preference for the Halls of Congress (the vacant seats once more filled) as the constitutional forum best suited for Conferences of pacification.

The vacant seats once more filled! That is desirable, no doubt—under certain conditions—and of all the preliminaries of peace, none are so important as these. The men who shall fill those vacant seats will hold in their hands the balance of legislative power.

Who are constitutionally entitled to fill them?

The Supreme Court has decided, by a unanimous vote, that since the passage of a law (sometimes called the "Non-Intercourse law"), approved July 13, 1861, the inhabitants of the insurrectionary portions of the Union are public enemies; not the disloyal alone, not those who have taken up arms alone, but *all*. After stating that the territory "held in hostility to the United States has a defined boundary,"* the Court adds:

"All persons residing within this Territory, whose property may be used to increase the revenues of the hostile power, are, in this contest, liable to be treated as enemies, though not foreigners." * * * "When the regular course of justice is interrupted by rebellion or insurrection, so that the courts of justice cannot be kept open, civil war exists; and hostilities may be prosecuted *on the same footing as if those opposing the government were foreign enemies invading the land.*" * * * "Whether property be liable to capture as enemies' property, does not, in any manner, depend upon the personal allegiance of the owner."†

The decision of our highest legal tribunal is, that these men, without distinction as to individual loyalty or disloyalty, have, in law, the same rights, and the same rights only, as alien enemies invading the United States. Men cannot, by their own act, release themselves from constitutional obligations; but they can and they do, by levying war against the government, forfeit their constitutional rights.

For war annuls all treaties, all conventions, all agreements, how solemn soever, securing privileges or protection to a hostile party. The rights of war alone remain. By civil war, the insurrectionists lose every privilege, every protection, which the Constitution affords to the citizen. We act upon this principle every day. By the Constitution, the home and the effects of the citizen are inviolate except after warrant issued, upon probable cause and under oath, specially describing the premises. Does this apply to the house of a rebel in an insurrectionary State? The Constitution declares that the citizen shall not be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law. What process of law precedes the opening of a battery on the Confederate ranks? or the confinement of our prisoners of war? or the appropriation of the enemy's ammunition or commissary stores?

When we make and ratify, with a foreign nation in time of peace, a treaty granting to the subjects of that nation certain rights and immunities, that treaty becomes part and parcel of the supreme law of the land; as much so as the Constitution itself. But when that nation declares war, its subjects can no more claim one of these solemnly granted rights and immunities than if the treaty had never existed. No single rule of international law is better established than this.

But under that very rule the insurgents, having levied war, and having thus become public enemies, can no more claim any of the privileges or immunities once guaranteed to them under the Constitution than an alien enemy can claim rights under a treaty ratified during peace, but canceled on the day his government declared war.

Therefore, by a rule of public law, applicable in all wars, and sanctioned by the assent and the constant usage of every civilized nation, no inhabitant of the insurrectionary territory has a constitutional right to elect a member to the Congress of the United States; and no Senator or Representative elected by these insurrectionists, though according to the forms prescribed by the Constitution, can legally fill a single vacant seat in our Congressional Halls.

Nor is the legal aspect of the case one whit changed, if these men lay down their arms. A treaty made during peace and canceled by war, does not revive with the cessation of hostilities. The matter is then as completely open to negotiation as if no treaty had ever been made. A treaty in the same words, or with entirely different conditions, may be made, but it is a new treaty, and whether it shall be made, or shall not be made, is a matter entirely at the option of the contracting parties.

Any rule of law in contravention of this would be an absurdity too flagrant even to merit discussion. Does the insurgent who appeals to the wager of battle risk nothing? Is he to be secure and successful, whatever betide? If he conquer, is everything to be under his control? And if he be vanquished, is he still to retain each right and privilege which he ever possessed? Who, under such a state of things, so safe and prosperous as a rebel!

In virtue, then, of one of the plainest and best established rules of international law, the inhabitants of the insurgent States, whether in arms or after submission, have no constitutional right whatever to add, by election, one member to the Congress of the United States.

This is the law. Our right to enforce it is as undeniable as our right, with an army, to cross the Potomac.

But all things which are lawful to us are not expedient. There may be legal rights which it is unprofitable, or unmerciful to enforce. We have the right, if good it seem to us, to restore to the South, with or without conditions, her constitutional privileges; just as we had the right, at the close of the last war with Great Britain, to revive and ratify anew the treaty of amity and commerce which existed before that war began.

In making up our decision as to this matter, we should not suffer ourselves to be moved by bitterness, or anger, or rankling animosity. The Christian is bidden to forgive trespasses against himself, even to seventy times seven. The statesman, if he merit the name, is actuated, not by passionate impulse, but by a grave and considerate regard for great national interests; above all, for the establishment, on an enduring foundation, of that domestic tranquility which lies at the basis of all national good. And the enlightened statesman knows, and founds his public acts upon the knowledge, that, as between litigant individuals, so between opposing communities of men, no bargain can properly be called good, that is not permanently beneficial to both the contending parties.

But if there be danger at such a crisis from the intemperance and the injustice of sectional hate, there is greater danger from the temporizing weakness of ruinous concession. It has been said by one of the wisest of modern writers on public affairs, that "when a nation has been wearied by long strife, it will submit to be duped for the sake of peace."‡ Let us heed that warning voice. Otherwise, all victories may be barren.

Every publicist of repute has set forth (what common sense suggests), as among the most important of national rights and duties, the rule that a nation ought to protect itself not only against immediate but also against prospective dangers. Deriving all rights attendant on conquest "from justifiable self-defense," Vattel says:

"When the conqueror has subdued a hostile nation, he may, if prudence so require, *render her incapable of doing mischief with the same ease in future.*" * * * "If the safety of the State lies at stake, our precaution and foresight cannot be extended too far." Vattel's "*Law of Nations.*" Book iii., sec. 201 and sec. 44.

In closing, by a peace, this war commenced by the South, what precautions should be taken to prevent a second insurrection? What does prudence require to be done, that the South may be "incapable of doing mischief with the same ease in future?"

As soon as the enemy lays down his arms, shall we admit him, without conditions, to our Congressional councils, give him a vote in framing our laws, see him ally himself with every disaffected member from the North, suffer him, with their aid, to override the entire legislation of the last two years, permit him to disarm us by voting down all military and naval appropriations, instal him as judge in his own case, and sit quietly by while he rescinds the Emancipation proclamation, repeals the Confiscation Act, repays himself for all slaves lost during the insurrection, perhaps repudiates the national debt, or—if, to carry the last measure, a few votes should be lacking—compromises the matter by adding to the debt incurred for the preservation of public order, the twelve or fifteen hundred million spent in a fruitless attempt to overthrow it? Shall we adopt this as our policy? If we do, it will be the first time so stupendous a piece of national folly was ever enacted since the world began.

The extent of that folly and its practical consequences will be better appreciated by glancing at a few figures. If all the vacant seats in Congress are suffered to be filled without conditions, there will be, in the House, 90 slave State votes to 142 free State votes; and in the Senate 30 slave State votes to 34 free State votes. *Twenty-seven* Northern votes siding with the South in the House, and *three* Northern votes siding with her in the Senate, would give her a majority in both branches. The command of the Senate alone, by aid of three Northern votes, would enable the South to arrest all legislation; to delay, for example, all supplies, whether for civil or military purposes.

I desire, as you do, to see the vacant chairs in Congress filled. I desire to see them filled, as you have expressed it, by those "who may be constitutionally sent there." I desire at the earliest moment consistent with the public safety, to see revived, in favor of the people of the South, those constitutional privileges which they legally forfeited by levying war against their and our government. But I call to mind Vattel's wise suggestion and De Tocqueville's sage warning. I am unwilling to see the nation "duped for the sake of peace." I am unwilling to admit to our councils insurgents by whose act the land has been deluged with blood, until they shall have been rendered "incapable of doing mischief with the same ease in future." For the very sake of peace, I am unwilling to assent to a peace which will be the prolific parent of future wars.

Few among us really desire so hollow a peace. If we sift the matter to the bottom, the diversity of opinion as to our future policy is, in one sense, much less radical than on the surface it appears. If men differ as to the conditions under which the insurgents shall be restored to their forfeited rights, it is not, as a general rule, because any man desires war in perpetuity. All but the grossly ignorant know that war, protracted through long years, or perpetually recurring, involves ruin to all interests, public and private, political and commercial. Most men strongly feel that our country, desolated and demoralized by a fifteen or twenty years' civil war, would not be worth living in.

If it seem to us incredible that men free from insanity and having the public ear,† should express their willingness that Davis and Stephens, that Mason and Slidell, that Floyd and Cobb and Breckinridge, that Wise, Hunter, Tombs, Pickens, Rhett, Benjamin, and all the other secession leaders, to whose treason we owe that gigantic conspiracy which has lost hundreds of thousands of lives, and hundreds of millions of treasure—that these men and their accomplices in crime (if only the South sees fit to elect them, and if only they, in presenting themselves, take that customary oath, which once already they have violated) should become again legislators for our country, and should be deemed in conjunction with their sympathizing allies of the North, the proper agents to decide, by their votes, the terms of pacification—if all this seem to us incredible, let us not rashly conclude that the advocates of a scheme so monstrous entertain the deliberate design to give our country over, for a generation to come, to rapine and anarchy. They are but the blind leading the blind. They cherish the delusion that this Republic may be reconstructed part free, part slave, and yet remain, in permanence, at peace. But for that delusion, none but outlaws, or men disposed, like burglars at a fire, to enrich themselves at the expense of their neighbor's ruin, would entertain, for a moment, the project of a reconstruction on such conditions: for it is not, except of an insignificant minority, the *intention* to perpetuate war.

The construction of the Republic, part free, part slave! This is a Northern delusion, not a Southern doctrine. The Southern leaders are too clear-sighted to believe in it, and too honest to pretend that they do. They know and declare, if some of their friends here do not, what caused the present insurrection. One of the most intelligent among them, selected as their Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, speaking for them before a vast audience at Savannah, a few days after his election, publicly said:

"Negro slavery was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this, as the rock upon which the old Union would split."

Adverting, in the same address, to slavery as having been regarded by the leading revolutionary statesmen to be "wrong in principle, socially, morally and politically," he adds: "This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, is become the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice."

Additions to the new edifice he tolerates, on certain conditions. Speaking of "accessions from the States of the old Union," he says they can be received "upon no such principle of *reconstruction* as is now spoken of, but upon *reorganization* and new assimilation." And lest this should not sufficiently explain his idea, in alluding to the probability that the "great States of the Northwest shall gravitate this way," he declares: "Our doors are wide enough to receive them, *but not until they are ready to assimilate with us in principle.*"

The terms are plain enough. Southern politicians recognize what you recognized long ago—the irrepressible conflict between the slave labor system of the South and the free labor system of the North. They perceive what you perceived, that a nation, ultimately to avoid civil war, must be all free or all slave. They will permit no additions to the Confederacy except on the basis of its corner-stone—negro slavery. They will receive no accessions of States that do not assimilate their institutions to those of the new edifice. States desiring to join them shall come in admitting slavery, or not at all. Such States must agree to Chief-Justice Taney's opinion, that there is "no difference between property in a slave and other property"; therefore, that the owner of a slave has a right to take him where he pleases, and a right to his service and labor for life, no matter where that life may be spent. Thus assimilated in principle to the Confederacy, other States are deemed worthy to join it. Without such assimilation they are to be rejected; prudently and properly rejected, by slaveholders who are determined to remain such; for an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable can produce only strifes and heart-burnings; inevitably eventuating, as we have seen them eventuate, in civil war.

Wise are these men in their generation! Statesmen are they, in running out their conclusions, if only custom and tradition had not deluded them into one foundation principle, monstrously false. Frank, too, and bold do they show themselves, in announcing that principle. No paltry temporizing! no tame apologies, "slavery," they declare, "is the natural and moral condition of the negro. This our new government is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth." (Address of Alexander H. Stephens already quoted. See Putnam's Rebellion Record, Vol. 1, page 45 of Documents.)

Concede this, the postulate of their system, and all the rest is strictly logical.

Concede but this, and South Carolina's Declaration of Independence* is a document stamped with forecast, and entitled to commendation. Whoever drafted it ran out his premises to their logical results. The Convention that adopted it saw their way before them, and did not, like their weak sympathizers in the North, expect incompatibilities to "work."

Having set up their "great philosophical truth," the corner-stone of their political system, they saw clearly that they must insure it respect; that they must protect it from attack or condemnation; and they perceived that this could not be done if they maintained fellowship with the North. "The non-slaveholding States," they declare, "have denounced as sinful the institution of slavery." This, from citizens of the same Republic, they cannot permit; nor, except by secession from the non-slaveholding States, can they prevent it. "All hope of remedy"—thus their Declaration concludes—"all hope of remedy is rendered vain by the fact, that public opinion at the North has invested a great political error with the sanctions of a more erroneous religious belief."

Wise, in their generation, are South Carolina and the States that followed her lead! Building their political system upon a "great philosophical and moral truth," which (unfortunately they will say) the rest of the civilized world still regards as a flagrant moral falsehood, they can maintain the stability of their political edifice only by debarring all questions, all discussions that might assault and endanger its foundations. As in despotic monarchies, it was found necessary to declare it to be treason, punishable as a capital offence, to question the right divine of kings, so in a slave empire they see it to be indispensable to forbid, on pain of death, all opinions touching the sinfulness or inconsistency with religion, of slavery. Twenty-five years ago they declared, from their places in Congress, that, in spite of the Federal government, every Abolitionist they caught should die a felon's death.† It was no idle menace, as hundreds of murders for opinion's sake, committed in the South before the war, terribly attest.

Let us not blame the men, except it be for seeking to uphold the monstrous system handed down to them by their forefathers. They *must* resist the Federal authority to maintain that system. They *must* violate the constitutional provision which forbids to abridge "the liberty of speech or of the press." Self-defense and its necessities compel them. They found this necessary before the war, in order to save slavery from destruction; the necessity will be increased, beyond measure, after its close. Now that the President's proclamation of Emancipation has stirred up, in every Southern plantation, the latent longing for freedom, the dangers to their slave system from propagandism will be increased a hundred fold.

It follows that in this Republic, if reconstructed, half slave, half free, no man known to be opposed in principle to slavery will be able to cross Mason and Dixon's line, without imminent risk of life. South of that line the constitutional provision touching the liberty of speech and of the press will remain inoperative. A felon's death will await every resident or traveller in the South who prints or who utters, in public or in private, any denial that slavery is just and moral, any assertion that religion does not sanction it. The Constitution guarantees the right thus to print, thus to speak. The Federal government is bound to maintain that constitutional right. But it *cannot* maintain it in a republic half slave, half free. What then? Can a free government sustain itself—can a free nation continue to exist under such a state of things as that? Certainly not.

The South, seeing this, declared all hope of remedy to be vain. Her friends in the North, groping after reconstruction with slavery, are still stricken with judicial blindness.

Let us pass to another matter. In South Carolina's "Declaration of Causes" for secession, one of the chief (set forth as justifying and necessitating separation) is "the election of a man to the high office of President of the United States whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery." This, it is declared, the slaveholding States cannot permit, because, whenever it shall occur, "the Federal government will have become their enemy." ("Declaration of Causes," already quoted: Rebellion Record, Vol 1, Documents, p. 4.)

To satisfy the South so that she shall permit us again to unite with her, it is evident that we must do one of two things: either consent so to amend the Constitution that no man shall be eligible as President "whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery"; or else make up our minds to a second insurrection the first time a President with such opinions happens to be elected. The constitutional amendment, our first alternative, would be an infamy, if it were a possibility; the second alternative would be to accept peace on condition of abandoning forever freedom of election. The South does not so thoroughly despise us as to believe, for a moment, that we shall accept either.

But the very head and front of our former offending against the South remains yet untouched on, the loose manner, namely, in which she alleges that the Fugitive Slave law has heretofore been enforced. This, our offence, was so grievous in the eyes of South Carolina that she put it forth, in her Declaration, as the first, and in itself the all-sufficient cause for separation; adding: "Thus the constitutional compact has been deliberately broken, and South Carolina is released from her obligation." (Declaration of Causes, Rebellion Record, Vol. 1, Documents, p. 4.)

What chance, even the remotest, is there that, with slavery and freedom in political partnership, this rock of offense will be avoided hereafter? Let us, for a moment, imagine that the Emancipation proclamation has no force in law. Nevertheless, its glad tidings have penetrated to the remotest haunts of Southern slavery. To the slave it is a reality. In his heart it has called up the assurance—the fervent hope, at least—that, if he can but once elude the vigilance of his master, there is yet freedom for him on this side of the grave. That hope once awakened throughout the length and breadth of the insurrectionary States, can it ever again be put to rest? Is it not certain that, under its promptings—no matter how firmly we shall have reestablished slavery by law—these bondmen will cross the border by thousands, for hundreds that have sought refuge among us till now? And when they do pass into that land whose President proclaimed them freemen, and where twenty Abolitionists are to be found now, for every one that was there on the day Fort Sumter fell, will there be increased cheerfulness, greater willingness to aid in their rendition—than there was before the war began? What a mockery is the question! On what a foundation of quicksand do they build, who found their hopes of future peace on the expectation that a Fugitive Slave law will be more stringently enforced in the future than in the past—on the vain dream that Northern spirit, flushed with victory, will find no occupation more noble than to pursue and secure poor fugitives, deluded by a national promise basely broken, and who had been urged to flight by belief in our humanity and confidence in our truth!

The South indulges in no such idle dream. She sees, and she accepts, the inevitable. Well she knows and wisely she has declared, that "all hope of remedy is rendered vain by the fact, that public opinion at the North has invested (what she considers) a great political error with the sanctions of a more erroneous religious belief."

Thus, then, it stands. The South with eyes sharpened by self-interest, saw that an experiment which never had succeeded in the world before was about to fail here also; the experiment of maintaining, in perpetuity, side by side, under the same government, two conflicting labor systems. She saw that her "philosophical truth" must be accepted as the corner-stone, or else altogether rejected by the builders. She saw that the North would *not* accept it. She saw that public opinion at the North would continue to condemn it as sinful and unchristian. She saw that the North would never consent to have freedom of speech and of the press suspended throughout half the Republic. She saw that the pride of the North would never submit to the passage of a constitutional amendment making anti-slavery opinions a disqualification for the Presidency. She saw that under any plan of reconstruction short of assimilation of labor systems, Fugitive Slave law difficulties would increase, in number and bitterness, year and year.

She saw, in fine, that the path which for three-quarters of a century the North and South have been travelling together—of late, at every step, more and more beset with obstacles and dangers—had become wholly impracticable at last.

Between Slavery and National Unity, was her only choice. She selected and emblazoned slavery; drew the sword, and severed the political bonds which connected her with free States.

If she succeed in defeating us, she is entitled to her separate independence. If we prevail against her, shall we force her again to accompany us on that impracticable path which her forecast taught her to abandon?

Shall we tempt her again into fellowship by an offer to restore to her her constitutional rights, and a promise to maintain intact her system of slave-labor? Vanquished, exhausted, but with her convictions unchanged, she might agree to such an armistice. Permanent she knows well it could never be; but she knows also the vast advantage, in her present prostrate condition, of two or three years' breathing-time. Shall we offer her an opportunity so excellent to recruit her strength and replenish her resources?

I do not ask if there be common sense in that proposition; I ask *if we have the right to make it.* I pass by the folly involved in such an offer, to speak, for a moment, of its iniquity.

The ninth section of an Act of Congress, commonly called the "Confiscation Act," approved July 17, 1862, reads thus:

"That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States, or who shall give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States; and *all slaves of such persons found or being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by forces of the United States* shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves."

By the decision of the Supreme Court, already cited, all the inhabitants of the insurrectionary States are, in law, persons "engaged in rebellion." Therefore, all refugee slaves from insurrectionary States are, by this statute, declared free.

Further: as all the insurrectionary States have been "occupied by rebel forces," and as we may reasonably conclude that, if we prevail against the South, all these States not already "occupied by forces of the United States" will hereafter be so occupied, it follows that, by the operation of this law, all the slaves in the insurrectionary States, even if no Emancipation proclamation had ever been issued, would, before the end of the war, have probably been entitled to freedom.

Strictly in the spirit of the above statute, and going only so far beyond it as to declare slaves in portions of the insurrectionary States not yet "occupied by forces of the United States," to be free in advance of such occupation, has been the President's action in the premises. Let us glance at that action.

On the 25th of July, 1862, the President, in pursuance of the act just quoted, issued a proclamation warning all insurgents to return to their allegiance within sixty days, on pain of certain forfeitures and seizures.

This warning proving ineffectual, the President, when the sixty days notice had expired, issued a second proclamation declaring that the slaves held within any State which, on the 1st of January then succeeding, should still be in rebellion against the United States, "shall be then, thenceforth and forever free."

On the 1st of January, 1863, "by virtue of the power in him vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States," he declared certain States, namely, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia—certain parishes in Louisiana and certain Counties in Virginia excepted—to be then in rebellion against the United States; and he further declared that all slaves in the said ten States, with the exception aforesaid, "are, and henceforward shall be, free."

Were these proclamations legal? Had the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States the right to issue them?

Our Supreme Court, in the decision already alluded to, thus endorses a well-known law of war: "The right of one belligerent not only to coerce the other by direct force, but also to cripple his resources by the seizure or destruction of his property, is a necessary result of a state of war." (Cases cited. "*Claimants of schooners Brilliant,*" etc.) Or, as Vattel has it: "We have a right to deprive our enemy of his possessions, of everything which may augment his strength and enable him to make war." (Vattel's "*Law of Nations,*" Book iii, sec. 161.)

Such seizure or destruction must, of course, take place through the proper military authority. Nor are we to harm an enemy from malice or revenge, but only so far as is "necessary for self-defense and reasonable security for the time to come." (Work cited. Book iii, sec. 201.

Humanity bids us respect the private property of non-combatants. It is barbarous to burn or pillage dwellings, to lay waste farms, to destroy public edifices not military. But if property of an enemy be of a dangerous character, so that its existence imperils the success of the war, or if it be such as has been, or may be, used with effect against us, to prolong the war, we violate the clearest dictates of prudence if we neglect any opportunity to deprive the enemy of it. Thus of ammunition, of quartermaster's and commissary stores. Thus, also, of forts, entrenchments, and the like. Let us apply these principles in the present case.

Certain of our public enemies, with the same rights (and no other) as alien enemies have, held on the first day of January last, within the above-named insurrectionary States, claims to the service or labor for life of some three million persons.

This class of claims is, beyond all else, such property as imperils military success, such as "augments the enemy's strength," such as "enables him to make war," nay gives him aid on a scale so vast, that without it the war would already, in all reasonable probability, have been brought to a close. It is not, indeed, quartermaster and commissary stores, but it is that which supplies both. It is not forts or entrenchments, but it serves to build the one and throw up the other. We cannot more effectually "cripple the resources" of the enemy than by destroying it.

Nor is this all. The dangerous character of this property is attested by the enemy himself. He acknowledges that Jefferson prophesied truly when he predicted that this was the rock upon which the old Union would split. The owners of these claims themselves declare them to have been the immediate cause of the war. What chance have we of domestic tranquility while they exist? There is—in the nature of things there can be—no security for peace or loyalty, from a slave State.

Does international law exempt such claims from seizure? Are they not to be reckoned as part of an enemy's property? Vattel expressly tells us: "Among the things belonging to the enemy are likewise incorporeal things—all his rights, claims and debts." (Vattel's "*Law of Nations,*" Book iii., sec. 77.

Therefore the Confiscation Act, including its ninth section, already quoted, is in strict accordance with the laws of war.

Therefore, too, our Commander-in-Chief was in his right when he took and canceled the claims to service and labor in the insurrectionary States. The law of nations sanctions the Emancipation proclamation. By that instrument three million of slaves were legally set free. The deed is done; righteously, lawfully done. It is true that many of these people are working as slaves still; but, in the eye of the law, they are freemen. Our own right to freedom is not better than theirs.

This deed, demanded alike by prudence and justice, forms an era in our national history. It severed the past from the future. It substantially changed, of necessity, the policy of the government. In the early stage of the war, Congress proposed, and the majority of the nation expected, as the issue of this contest, a mere rehabilitation, with Southern laws and Southern institutions reacknowledged in their pristine form. Again and again warning was given, and the return of the insurgents to their loyal duty on these conditions was urged upon them. But their hearts were hardened, and they would not. By their obstinate perversity they closed the door against themselves. They persevered in their conspiracy against public law until Emancipation became an imperative measure of self-defense. Let us not take credit to ourselves for generous philanthropy. The South, reckless and blind, was the unwitting agent of human liberty. And thus, in the Providence of God, the very effort, by armed treason, to perpetuate an abuse has been the means of effecting its eradication.

That which might have been can no longer be. When politicians talk now of reconstruction, with the "peculiar institution" of the South left intact, the words are nothing else but a mischievous mystification. If the South conquer, she may, by superior force, hold as slaves the negroes who shall remain to her, though by our laws they are free. But for us, there *is* no longer a peculiar institution in any of the insurrectionary States to be left intact. We can build up anew that peculiar institution; not legally, it is very true, for neither the President, nor Congress, nor any judicial tribunal in the land, has any more authority to consign a freeman to slavery than they have to hang him without crime or trial; but we may build it up, if we have power enough, or connive at it if we are shameless enough; just as a highwayman may seize a purse, or a burglar carry off a basket of silver-ware.

Whether, when we shall have suffered vanquished treason to dictate her own terms; whether, when we shall have stooped to purchase—not peace, for God's best blessing cannot so be purchased—but a worthless truce, as brief as treacherous—by an act of usurpation that assumes to assign away the liberties of three million of free people; whether, when we shall have done this great thing, we shall have any right to set up for more honest or more virtuous than the felon-trader who makes a midnight descent on the Congo coast, and steals thence three or four hundred wretches to crowd the hold of his slave-ship—that will be a question to be settled, at our leisure, with our own consciences.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." It is better to lose fortune than fair fame; and national disgrace is worse than national disaster. A convict, where he is known and remembered as such, may, because of the stain that attaches to him, toil faithfully through half a lifetime, ere men take him again by the hand. And a people, stamped by their own public records as lawless and forsworn, may travel a long and a weary road—a reproach, the while, and a by-word among nations—ere they can take their stand, once more, among the civilized powers of the earth.

Assuming, what seems probable, that we shall remain victors in this war, suffer me, in conclusion, briefly to group together the main positions that have been advanced.

The inhabitants of the insurrectionary States have, at present, no constitutional right to elect a member to Congress.

We, the inhabitants of the non-insurrectionary States, may, by law, restore to them that right; and with us it rests to decide upon what conditions it shall be restored.

The preliminary condition ought to be some sufficient guaranty that the Emancipation proclamation shall never be repudiated, and that the institution of slavery shall never again, in any part of the insurrectionary territory, be revived.

Our own national faith, already pledged before the world to three million of suffering people, demands this. The law of nations permits and enjoins it. We had a right, by that law, to destroy slave-property belonging to a public enemy. It was a national duty to destroy property so dangerous, in order to render that enemy "incapable of doing mischief with the same ease in future."

We offended against no principle of humanity in destroying this property; in other words in canceling life-long claims to service or labor. The inhumanity would have been to refrain from canceling them.

Nor do we actually harm the slave-claimant by canceling his claims. In point of fact it is greatly to his advantage, socially and pecuniarily, to be without them. Are we impertinently interfering in his business—arrogantly and improperly assuming to judge what is best for him—when we determine this? Not at all. The business is emphatically our own; for it intimately concerns our national safety. In deciding it as we see fit, there is neither impropriety nor arrogance, but proper precaution and prudent foresight. If he had refrained from levying war against his government, he would have had the undoubted right to judge and to act in this affair. As it is, he has lost it; and we have now the right, and the power, to decide the matter; not he.

Before the vacant chairs in Congress are filled, let us make the decision. Failing in this high duty, we sacrifice at once the public honor and the public safety.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

New York, Aug. 27, 1863.

*This boundary, earlier defined by the respective acts of secession, was officially declared by proclamation of the President, issued under date of July 1, 1862. This was done in accordance with a requisition contained in the second section of an act of Congress, approved June 7, 1862. The list includes eleven States, reckoning Eastern Virginia as one. It does not include Western Virginia, nor Maryland, nor Kentucky, nor Missouri. Nothing here said, therefore, applies to the constitutional rights of the inhabitants of any of these States. To a proper understanding of the legal points involved, it is indispensable to bear in mind which States are, in the eye of the law, insurrectionary, and which are not.

† "Claimants of schooners Brilliant, etc., versus United States." March term, 1865. Opinion by Grier, J. Amer. Law Register, April 1863, pp. 334 to 344.

* De Tocqueville's "*Ancien Regime et la Revolution.*" Chap. xiii.

† In a leader of the New York Daily *Herald* of August 12, the editor, after predicting that the next Congress will repudiate the Emancipation proclamation and the Confiscation Act, adverts, but without quoting it, to your letter of February 6, 1863, to Mr. Dayton—which he calls a letter to M. Mercier—in these terms:

"Meantime, we call on Mr. Seward to make good the pledge he gave in his letter to the French Minister, M. Mercier, to receive back into the Union the Southern States as they are, with all their institutions intact, and to admit into Congress such of their Senators as survive, who were entitled to seats when the rebellion broke out, and such other Senators as those States may think proper to send to fill up vacancies, together with whatever representatives they may elect according to the Constitution and laws."

I pray that you will not imagine I so misconceive your language as to put upon it such a construction as that.

* "Declaration of causes which induced the secession of South Carolina," adopted Dec. 21, 1860. See Putnam's Rebellion Record, Vol. 1, Documents. pp. 3, 4.

† "Let an Abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina, if we can catch him, we will try him, and notwithstanding all the interference of all the governments on earth, including the Federal government, we will hang him."—*Senator Preston, in debate in U. S. Senate, January, 1858.*

‡ "If chance throw an Abolitionist in our way, he may expect a felon's death."—*Senator Hammond of South Carolina, in U. S. Senate, 1836.*

SARATOGA IMPROVING IN LOYALTY.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

IN one respect Saratoga society this season is to be commended highly. It is thoroughly loyal. No traitors are tolerated, and no copperhead, if there, dares avow his opinions. Not only good, loyal songs are sung in the drawing-rooms, but anti-slavery songs are sung there and with apparent approval from all quarters. This, it must be confessed, is a wonderful advance over the old times when the overseer's lash was virtually represented at all the hotels in Saratoga. A little of the old leaven worked out while we were there, but it was soon squelched. It happened thus: A couple of negro banjo and violin players appeared before the hotel and began singing their peculiar songs accompanied with their instruments. Two gentlemen stood near each other listening to the songs, when one of them, who subsequently announced himself as a North Carolinian, remarked that the banjo player had a fine head, one of the finest he ever saw. The gentleman who stood near him, and who was from Cincinnati, replied that he had, and remarked that the other negro had a remarkably humorous face. Shortly after the negro struck up a song, the burden of which was that his master in old Carolina sent him to find the cows, but that he had lost his way, and hadn't yet found it. The Carolinian said, "He had better be back in North Carolina." "In what capacity?" asked the Cincinnatian. "With his master, of course," responded the Carolinian. "He probably doesn't think so," replied the Cincinnatian. "I am from North Carolina myself, sir, and I know that he had better be back there. A plantation is the best place for niggers. They ought to be owned by somebody and taken care of." "There's a difference of opinion between us on that subject. I have lived South myself; and I don't think slavery is the best condition for blacks or whites." "I am a Southerner, sir. My father has lost over a million of dollars in this war. I am a loyal man, but no Abolitionist. Its such d—d Abolitionists as you that have plunged this country in war. I am a Southerner, sir, and what I say I hold myself responsible for." "Well, I supposed so. Every decent man at the North considers himself responsible for what he says, and doesn't think it necessary to bluster about it either. I certainly never intend saying anything that is untrue, or that I am not responsible for." "I tell you, sir, that I am a Southerner, and those boys would sooner take me for a master than you." "Perhaps they would. There's no accounting for tastes. Suppose you go down and ask them?" "You are an impertinent puppy and a d—d Abolitionist. I am a Southerner and hold myself responsible." "You are laboring under a mistake, sir. Such bluster and bravado once passed current here when dispensed by your bogus chivalry, but times have changed, and such stuff is held in less respect in this locality just now than Jeff. Davis's shinplasters are in Richmond. You only waste your breath by such talk." "I tell you, sir, I am a Southerner and a white man, and I say slaves are better off South than free negroes are North." "I hadn't any doubt about your being a white man until you raised the questiop, but since you have taken the trouble to announce it, I take the liberty of doubting it. I don't believe you are a white man."

And as he said this the Cincinnatian advanced a couple of paces and looked the Carolinian straight in the eye. The latter dropped his eyes in a moment, his haughty, imperious manner gave way, and muttering that he didn't "wish to continue such blackguard talk," he slunk away. As he left, the Cincinnatian responded, "You began the conversation, and when you have got enough of it you can end it." A large crowd had by this time gathered about them, composed of all sorts of people, and a general smile played upon the lips of all. As the Carolinian slunk off, a small boy in the crowd cried out, "p-l-a-y-e-d o-u-t," and one or two others exclaimed, or inquired, "How are you, Copperhead?" and thus ended this "great constitutional discussion" at Saratoga.

G. B. P.

A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

HIS PROMISE IN THE PROCLAMATION TO BE KEPT.

[The following letter was written in response to an invitation to attend the Union Mass Meeting, held at Springfield, Ill., Sept. 2. A copy was also forwarded to the Young Men's Union Ratification Meeting, held at Syracuse Sept. 3.]

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Aug. 26, 1863.

HON. JAMES C. CONKLING—*My Dear Sir:* Your letter inviting me to attend a mass meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held at the capital of Illinois on the 3d day of September, has been received. It would be very agreeable for me thus to meet my old friends at my own home; but I cannot just now be absent from here so long as a visit there would require.

The meeting is to be of all those who maintain unconditional devotion to the Union; and I am sure that my old political friends will thank me for tendering, as I do, the nation's gratitude to those other noble men whom no partisan malice or partisan hope can make false to the nation's life.

There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say: You desire peace, and you blame me that we do not have it. But how can we attain it? There are but three conceivable ways: First—to suppress the rebellion by force of arms. This I am trying to do. Are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed. If you are not for it, a *second* way is to give up the Union. I am against this. Are you for it? If you are, you should say so plainly. If you are not for *force*, nor yet for *dissolution*, there only remains some imaginable *compromise*.

I do not believe that any compromise embracing the maintenance of the Union is now possible. All that I learn leads to a directly opposite belief. The strength of the rebellion is its military, its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range, in opposition to that army, is simply nothing for the present; because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise, if one were made with them.

To illustrate: Suppose refugees from the South and peace men of the North get together in convention, and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing a restoration of the Union. In what way can that compromise be used to keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania? Meade's army can keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania, and, I think, can ultimately drive it out of existence. But no paper compromise to which the controllers of Lee's army are not agreed can at all effect that army. In an effort at such compromise we would waste time, which the enemy would improve to our disadvantage; and that would be all.

A compromise, to be effective, must be made either with those who control the rebel army, or with the people, first liberated from the domination of that army by the success of our own army. Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from that rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges and insinuations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless. And I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come, it shall not be rejected and kept a secret from you. I freely acknowledge myself to be the servant of the people, according to the bond of service, the United States Constitution, and that, as such, I am responsible to them.

But, to be plain. You are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely there is a difference of opinion between you and myself upon that subject. I certainly wish that all men could be free, while you, I suppose, do not. Yet, I have neither adopted nor proposed any measure which is not consistent with even your view, provided that you are for the Union. I suggested compensated emancipation; to which you replied you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes. But I had not asked you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such way as to save you from greater taxation to save the Union exclusively by other

ciple it lives by and keeps alive for man's vast uture—thanks to all.

Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it.

Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result.

Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

PHILADELPHIA NOTICE.

For the sake of a more prompt delivery, and as a matter of general convenience, Philadelphia subscribers will—on and after the first week in October—be served with THE STANDARD by mail, instead of by carrier as heretofore. If in the meantime any should have directions to give in regard to their address, they will please send them to the Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

THE Nation breathes freer than it did ten days ago. The letter of Mr. Lincoln to the Springfield Convention has taken a great load off of the breasts of all honest and loyal men. Let the believers in the constancy of the President say what they would, the very anxiety they evinced to see what the contents of the communication were, shows that they were not wholly at ease in their minds. We all know what an immense pressure has been brought to bear on the President to compel him to equivocate, at least, as to his Emancipation policy, and to put himself into a position in which he could make a pretext for falling back from it, if any proposition of reconciliation should come from the rebels, based upon that condition. As it was believed, and with reason, that his most responsible adviser leaned, to say the least, in that direction, it was not wholly unreasonable that doubts and fears should cast a cloud over many minds. The relief which the clear and unmistakable words of the President have occasioned is the greater from the uneasiness that went before them. Our readers know that we have not shared in the sanguine belief of many of them that the proclamation virtually executed itself, and that there was no device to be found for doing away with it. It was our duty to be suspicious, and to grant sincere anti-slavery intentions to any high official of this guilty nation, only on the strong corroboration of words by deeds. The history of Europe is full of promises made by rulers only to be broken, and the lies varnished over with the thin pretence of statesmanship. We could not think the training of our public men calculated to lift them to a higher plane of political morals than that occupied by reactionary kings and ministers. We are happy to be convinced of our error. However it may be with other public men, Mr. Lincoln has shown himself a wise and honest man, who discerned the only way of escape for the nation, announced it, and has now committed himself anew to continuing in it to the end. We rejoice to see and acknowledge our mistake in the doubts we have entertained on the subject.

Mr. Lincoln's letter is a model to all letter-writers who hold that language is given to man to express and not to conceal his thoughts. It is one that he that runs can read. There is no equivocation or double-dealing about it. It says exactly what he means, and his whole statement of the case, in all its different parts, is as clear as language can make it. It is this that so enrages the Copperhead allies of the rebellion, who had thought to catch him in his speech, and to extort something from it that could be twisted to their villainous purposes. All they can say now is, that it is not the letter of the President of the United States to the people, but one from the leader of a party to his partisans. It is useless to argue with such creatures. They are joined to their idols, and can only be let alone, in the way of reasoning. We heard of some, the other day, who denied that there has been any proof that any black soldiers fell with Col. Shaw and were buried with him (although they had their own Southern masters' word for it), or that any had been engaged anywhere! The Northern enemies of the Nation have to a considerable extent endeavored to make a disturbance between the President and the loyal part of the people, and to cajole him into being made a tool in their hands. We apprehend that any such hopes, if they still subsisted, were effectually dispersed by the Springfield letter. His demonstration of the impossibility of any compromise as long as the rebellion is in armed force in the field, sweeps away the meshes spun by sophistical treason to entrap the unwary; while his demonstration of the necessity of the Emancipation proclamation, and the excellent way in which it has worked, is as conclusive as any moral reasoning drawn from unquestionable facts can be. And the glorious conclusion of that whole matter—that the proclamation can "no more be retracted than the dead be brought to life"—has the ring of a trumpet that gives no uncertain sound, stirring every heart that has truth and honor in it. It is a fitting commentary on the text of the Discourse of Freedom, proclaimed last New Year's day.

The statement of the philosophy, morality and lawfulness of arming the blacks is equally clear, conclusive and satisfactory. The assurance that "the promise of freedom" made to them as the price of their service, is a promise that "must be kept," it was well to make, although it is a mortifying fact that he could think it necessary to make it. But in view of the malignant virulence of the pro-slavery venom in the North as well as at the South, it was not superfluous to make assurance thus double sure by this voluntary and express pledge of the honor of the Nation by its Chief Magistrate. And the letter is fitly pointed by the grave rebuke of "the white men who, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, have striven to hinder the great consummation" of peaceful civil government, which the black soldiers shall have helped to accomplish. Less he could not have said, as the Head of the Nation; more need not be said. As he has judged it best to suffer these wretches to promote and organize treason in the heart of the North, unmolested, perhaps he could not have said more without compromising his dignity. But that much was due to the Northern Copperhead traitors, whom one of our most intelligent foreign friends justly denounces as "a disgrace to the human race." It is no wonder that they writhe under this letter. It is one of the heaviest blows they have ever received—unless we except Gov. Seymour's mob. The President has "set his foot down," and its heel is on their head. In point of fact, no man but an enemy to his country and a well-wisher to the rebels can refuse to see the truth of what he says of the deliberate slowness with which he approached Emancipation, the opportunity he afforded the rebels to come back and save their institutions, and the notice he gave them of his intention, when he had come to the conclusion that there was no other way of escape. They who denounce him for that act, after all those delays and offers, show that they mean slavery when they bawl Union. They had rather that the country should perish than that slavery should suffer harm. Our readers well know that we have not been patient under these long delays, and we still think that they were dangerous ones; but, the work having been done, we will not now find fault with the manner, and will be ready to acknowledge that it was the best way, should the result show that we were wrong.

These declarations of the President simplify, as well as encourage, the action of the distinctively anti-slavery men. They are now released from apprehensions they could not avoid as the especial friends of the slave, that some fatal policy might strike at him through the heart and the honor of the nation. The Executive is now fully committed. If the worst come to the worst, that Executive will have the direction of affairs for near a year and a half, and we dispatch as much history in eighteen months now as we used to do in as many years. Without disasters that are hardly imaginable in the field, and a general European interposition in behalf of the rebellion, slavery can hardly subsist for another twelvemonth. Not that it will be entirely extinct everywhere, by that time, but its fate will be distinctly seen to be inevitable by friends and foes. Even if the Supreme Court should be ready to declare the proclamation unconstitutional—which is by no means certain, after their unanimous ruling that a state of territorial war has existed since the Act of July, 1861—the question will probably have been substantially settled before a case can be raised, argued and adjudged. If the late rumor of the purpose of the rebels to free and arm their able-bodied slaves be true—which we believe it will be found to be, if they be pushed to the wall—the work will be effectively accomplished. A black army, with arms in its hands, outside the rebellion, and another within it, will be sure to kill slavery whether they kill each other and their masters or not. The duty of all true anti-slavery men now, as it seems to us, is to stand by the President and to sustain him in all his future action. He has now placed himself unequivocally and irremediably at the head of the Emancipation movement, sustained by negro soldiers, for the preservation of the Union. We believe the Nation goes with him, largely. Indeed, the outcries of the Copperheads that his letter is an electioneering document, proves that they think so, too. But, whether so or not, anti-slavery men of all kinds should rally round him as the leader of their host in this day of battle. And this, heartily and cheerfully, without carping and cavilling at the details of his strategy, provided it be directed honestly for the confusion and destruction of the common enemy of the country and of the human race.

FERNANDO WOOD AND THE PRESIDENT.

IT is several months since that incorruptible patriot, Fernando Wood, assured the public that President Lincoln had, to his certain knowledge, rejected an overture of peace from the rebels; and from that day to this the Peace Democrats have kept up the cry that he was continuing the war only for the purpose of abolishing slavery and subjugating the South, when peace on honorable terms was within his reach. The Copperhead Press has from time to time thrown out significant hints that the facts of the case, sooner or later to be revealed, would cover the President and his advisers with shame, and demonstrate the superior patriotism and statesmanship of the immaculate Fernando.

Well, the threatened revelation is made at last by Mr. Wood himself, and what does it amount to? It is in the shape of a correspondence between Mr. Wood and the President, of which we will give the substance.

Under date Dec. 8, 1862, Mr. Wood addressed to the President a letter of which we give the gist, as follows:

"On the 25th of November last I was advised by an authority, which I deemed likely to be well informed as well as reliable and truthful, that the Southern States would send representatives to the next Congress, provided that a full and general amnesty should permit them to do so. No guarantees or terms were asked for other than the amnesty referred to. . . . As an humble but loyal citizen, deeply impressed with the great necessity of restoring the union of these States, I ask your immediate attention to this subject. The magnitude of the interests at stake warrant some Executive action predicated upon this information, if it be only to ascertain if it be grounded upon even any probable foundation. If it shall prove groundless no harm shall have been done, provided the inquiry be made, as it can be, without compromising the government or injury to the cause in which it is now engaged. If, however, it shall prove well founded, there is no estimate too high to place upon its national value.

"Now, therefore, Mr. President, I suggest that gentlemen whose former political and social relations with the leaders of the Southern revolt may be allowed to hold unofficial correspondence with them on this subject—the correspondence to be submitted to you. It may be thus ascertained what, if any credence may be given to those statements, and also whether a peaceful solution of the present struggle may not be attainable."

The President answered briefly, as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1862.

HON. FERNANDO WOOD—*My Dear Sir:* Your letter of the 8th, with the accompanying note of same date, was received yesterday.

The most important paragraph in the letter, as I consider, is in these words: "On the 25th of November last I was advised by an authority which I deemed likely to be well informed as well as reliable and truthful, that the Southern States would send representatives to the next Congress, provided that a full and general amnesty should permit them to do so. No guarantee or terms were asked for other than the amnesty referred to."

I strongly suspect your information will prove to be groundless; nevertheless, I thank you for communicating it to me. Understanding the phrase in the paragraph above quoted—"the Southern States would send representatives to the next Congress"—to be substantially the same as that "the people of the Southern States would cease resistance, and would reinaugurate, submit to and sustain the National authority within the limits of such States, under the Constitution of the United States," I say that in such case the war would cease on the part of the United States; and that if within a reasonable time "a full and general amnesty" were necessary to such end it would not be withheld.

I do not think it would be proper now to communicate this, formally or informally, to the people of the Southern States. My belief is that they already know it; and when they choose, if ever, they can communicate with me unequivocally. Nor do I think it proper now to suspend military operations to try any experiment of negotiation.

I should nevertheless receive, with great pleasure, the exact information you now have, and also such other as you may in any way obtain. Such information might be more valuable before the 1st of January than afterward.

While there is nothing in this letter which I shall dread to see in history, it is, perhaps, better for the present that its existence should not become public. I therefore have to request that you will regard it as confidential. Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Whether it was wise or not in the President to write to such a creature as Fernando Wood we do not undertake to decide, but certainly, if he was to answer at all, he could hardly have done so in terms more fitting than those which he employed.

Mr. Wood, under date Dec. 17, responded in a letter of which we give the most important part, as follows:

"Pardon me, Mr. President, when I say that your reply has filled me with profound regret. It declines what I had conceived to be an innocent effort to ascertain the foundation for information in my possession of a desire in the South to return to the Union. It thus appears to be an indication on your part to continue a policy, which, in my judgment, is not only unwise, but in the opinion of many is in conflict with the constitutional authority vested in the Federal government. . . . It cannot be expected that the Southern people will cease resistance, so long as we proclaim our intention to destroy their local institutions, their property and their lives, and accompany the declaration with corresponding legislative, executive, social and political action. They cannot cease resistance and reinaugurate, submit to and maintain the Federal authority, if we will not let them alone long enough to do so. If they really desire acquiescence, and are willing to send delegates to the next Congress, as I am advised, how can they do so without the opportunity, and without some intimations or guarantees as to the reception of their representatives at Washington? The act of sending representatives to Congress is within itself a full compliance with your own conditions. If thus represented by their own selected agents, chosen under the forms and in pursuance of their own local State laws governing such elections, they will compose an integral portion of the government, and thus give the assurance of an "acquiescence and submission" of the very highest and most satisfactory character.

"My respectful suggestion was that you should put it in their power to take this course. It would require a simple proclamation of general amnesty, to be qualified if you please by such conditions as to render it void in case of non-compliance within a limited period. You have established a precedent for this mode of speaking to those people. Your Emancipation proclamation told of punishment. Let another be issued speaking the language of mercy and breathing the spirit of conciliation."

If anything were needed to show that Mr. Wood is in thorough sympathy with the rebels, and anxious to serve them to the best of his ability, it is supplied by this correspondence. But what could exceed the impudence displayed in his proposition of an armistice, not solicited by the Confederate government or by anybody authorized to speak in its behalf, but to be voluntarily tendered by the President, "to enable gentlemen *formerly in political and social relations with the leaders in the Southern revolt*," and in full sympathy with them now, to hold unofficial correspondence with them, with a view to fix conditions of peace! In other words, to enable the rebels at the South and their aiders and abettors at the North to "put their heads together" once more, for the purpose of concocting some new plan by which all the original objects of the rebellion may be attained, and the country, bound hand and foot, be placed again under the dominion of the Slave Power!

PERSONAL.

Late foreign papers announce that Charles Francis Adams and family had left London on a tour to Scotland.

W. S. Haywood has closed his labors as a resident minister at Hopedale, Mass., and will hereafter reside at West Newton.

Owen Lovejoy arrived in Washington on Monday, on his way to the sea coast for health and strength to go through his duties in the next Congress.

C. Edwards Lester has been released from arrest, the proof against him not being sufficient to sustain the charge that he was acting as a spy when apprehended.

Mrs. Senator Harlan had her pocket picked of $275 in bank bills and some other valuables in the Union depot at Troy a few days since. The rascals who committed the theft were subsequently detected, and are now in confinement.

Secretary Stanton has removed from office the Quartermaster-General Meigs. He has sent into exile the old fogy Ripley, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, who combatted all new ideas in the fabrication of firearms, artillery and projectiles.

At a recent election held at Fort Gibson, Hon. John Ross was re-elected principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation for the term of four years, and Lewis Downing, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Cherokee Indian regiment United States, was elected second Chief for the same period.

The Hyanis (MASS.) *Messenger* of the 5th inst. says: "We had an excellent anti-slavery lecture at the Baptist vestry, Thursday evening, by A. M. Powell, of Ghent, N. Y." Mr. Powell always gives "excellent anti-slavery lectures," diffusing light and heat in the proper proportions.

Bayard Taylor, Esq., who remained in charge of the ministerial duties necessarily incumbent upon him after the departure of Ex-Minister Cameron from Russia, until the rearrival of Hon. Cassius M. Clay, our former and present Minister, arrived here, in company with his wife and child, per steamer *Scotia*, on Tuesday.

Andrew Johnson, Governor of Tennessee, addressed a Union meeting in Nashville, on Saturday evening last, taking strong ground in favor of immediate emancipation. He declared slavery to be the source and cause of all our troubles, and said that he was opposed to compromise with it.

Charlotte Cushman is in Boston. She refuses all the tempting offers of the managers, but has consented to appear at the Boston Theatre one night only, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. That appearance will take place the present month. She will also appear one night in New York and one night in Philadelphia, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* says: "Quantrell, the Kansas assassin, was in Springfield, Illinois, on the 17th of June last, at the great Democratic mass meeting, and was also closeted with some of the leading Democrats of the State on that day. He fully approved Singleton's twenty-third resolution, which was submitted to him before it passed the meeting." The resolution here referred to was one of the most infamous adopted by the Convention.

We find the following paragraph in the September number of the *American Publishers' Circular*:

"A friend who has been visiting Fitz Greene Halleck, at Guilford, Conn., tells us that the venerable poet, now in his sixty-eighth year, is in most excellent health. His eye is as bright, and he is as full of fun and anecdote, as in bygone days. Time certainly deals very gently with the genial author of 'Alnwick Castle.'"

Rev. M. D. Conway writes to the London *Star*: "It having been pretty widely noticed in the city papers that I have been drafted for the war in America, and fearing that my continued stay in England might be misunderstood, I desire to state that it is true that I have been drafted, and that I have paid the commutation money required. Personally, I am not able to go to the war, on account of an injury to my right eye sustained some years ago."

Says the Massachusetts *Spy*: "Mr Lincoln has certainly learned 'the art of putting things.' When asked the other day, whether, on the return of North Carolina to the Union, the slave-owners could be allowed to keep their work-people in bondage, he replied, 'My proclamation, setting free the slaves of the rebel States, was issued nearly a year ago!' Well said, Mr. Lincoln! The President must keep his word. The nation must keep its word. There is no going back from our promises; too many Red sea waves have closed behind us for that. The Word is made flesh, and dwells among us."

Says *The Commonwealth*: "Sojourner Truth writes to Mr. Redpath that her grandson, James Calvin, is a member of the Fifty-fourth regiment, and was taken prisoner at Fort Wagner. "I had much rather," she says, "he had been killed, than to have him in the hands of the rebels. I had his picture lying in my lap when I had mine taken. I will enclose one of mine in this." The photograph likeness of herself in this letter is very good, and will be acceptable to her many friends. Copies can be obtained both of this and of her book (from which we have made copious extracts) by writing to her at Battle Creek, Michigan. The price of the pictures is twenty-five, of the book thirty-five cents. We wish Mr. Redpath might issue a new edition of the book including Mrs. Stowe's and Mrs. Gage's sketches of the old Sybil."

Parson Brownlow has issued a card in the Nashville papers disclosing the tricks of some rascals who are swindling the people of Tennessee in the name of the Treasury Department by collecting taxes on cotton. He says: "I am not directly or indirectly concerned in any trade, speculation, or scheme of money-making—either by wholesale or retail, on land or at sea, not even the sale of goods, wares or merchandize, first or second-handed, and never have been since I crossed over into the loyal States from the land of Dixie. The salary I receive pays the board of my wife and children, and nothing more. I came into the office with clean hands, and I shall go out with clean hands, after the trade regulations are fully organized in Tennessee, the State is redeemed, and East Tennessee herself again! In other words, I have presented a clean record in money matters all my life long, and I will not so act as to spoil that record in my declining years, either by defrauding my government or swindling individuals."

The St. Louis *Union* says: "Quantrell, the infamous monster who perpetrated the inhuman massacre at Lawrence, is, we believe, a native of Maryland. At any rate, he once lived in Cumberland, in that State, and there attempted to kill his wife. For this he was placed in jail, where he raged and roared like a wild beast. He finally made his escape to Kansas, where, for a time, he was known as a Free-State man, and, as such, took part in the Kansas war in 1855 and 1856, and also in the border fights in 1861. For some reason, he became estranged from the Union cause, and espoused that of the rebellion, and took up the pursuit of bushwhacking. He is a skillful partisan leader, bold, daring, and as merciless as a hyena. About a year ago he was surprised at night, with a small band of followers, by a squad of Federal troops, near Independence. His companions were either killed or captured, but he managed to escape in the darkness, by plunging into the Missouri and swimming to the opposite shore, stopping at times to heap the savagest curses upon his pursuers. With a large force of experienced border fighters now on his track, his escape is hardly possible. He will probably be overtaken; and when overtaken, his shrift will be a short one."

We find the following paragraph in last week's *Liberator*:

"The Editor of *The Liberator* has completed his recreative sojourn at old Plymouth, and will hereafter be at his post as usual. He returns to the city very much benefitted as to bodily condition, and takes the earliest opportunity to proffer his grateful acknowledgments to the Spooners, the Mortons, the Stephenses, the Kendalls, the Thomases, the Russells, the Davises, and others of that ancient and historic town, for their courteous and friendly attentions during his visit—a visit which has been crowded with pleasurable incidents and interesting diversions, and which has revealed far more local attractions for Summer excursionists than he had supposed Plymouth to possess. He had the privilege of addressing a large audience in the Unitarian church, on the state of the country, by the request of citizens, on Sunday evening, 23d ult., more than twenty-two years having elapsed since he last spoke in the same desk. The lines of Lowell are as applicable now as when first given by him to the country:

"'Gray Plymouth Rock hath yet a tongue, and Concord is not dumb;
And voices from our fathers' graves, and from the future come:
They call on us to stand our ground—they charge us still to be
Not only free from chains ourselves, but foremost to make free!'"

Lieut-Col. Billings has left the army and returned to the North. For the present he is at Bridgeport, Ct., where he is slowly recovering from the effects of a malarious fever. As soon as he is able to travel he will go to Concord, N. H. Col. Billings was one of the pioneers in the work of arming the negroes, being the first field-officer in command of the first regiment raised by order of the United States government. We publish the following testimonial from the officers with whom he has been associated in the work:

We, the Field and Staff Officers of the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, cheerfully tender the following testimonial in behalf of Lieut.-Col. Billings, an earnest and efficient co-laborer for the success of this experimental regiment of colored soldiers. From the beginning, when the cause was most unpopular and the prospects discouraging, his efforts have been untiring and his spirit unfaltering. Always an earnest advocate for freedom, a sincere lover of justice, pure and chaste in his entire character, affable and true as a friend, we can but deeply regret his now leaving us to join that long list of true men out of service in this our country's great trial hour.

C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Major.
J. M. HAWKS, Ass't.-Sur. (in charge).
J. S. FOWLER, Chaplain.
J. B. WEST, Lieut. and Quartermaster.
GEO. W. DEWHURST, Adjutant.
THOMAS. J. MINOR, Asst.-Surgeon.
H. WEST, Lieut. and A. A. C. S.

POLITICAL.

The election for State officers and Legislature in Maine will be held on Monday next. The Copperheads are doing their utmost, but we hope they will be defeated.

California has elected three Union members of Congress (her whole delegation), and Union State officers, by large majorities over both wings of the pro-slavery Democracy. The Legislature is the same way by a large majority.

The annual election in Vermont took place on the 1st inst., and resulted, as usual, in the choice of the Republican-Union State ticket by a very large majority, of a Legislature almost unanimously Republican, and of three members of Congress (the whole delegation) of the same stripe. The air of the Green Mountains is evidently not congenial to Copperheads.

The election in Pennsylvania, which takes place on the 13th of October, is likely to be very close. The renomination of Gov. Curtin has given offence to a portion of the Union party, and the Copperhead Democracy are working with all their might, not without hope of success. Among the speakers who will take a prominent part in the contest on the loyal side, no one is likely to do better service than Anna E. Dickinson. Woodward, the candidate of the Copperheads for Governor, is as disloyal as Seymour and far more courageous. His election would be a great calamity.

The Union-Republican party of the State of New York held its Convention for the nomination of State officers at Syracuse on the 2d inst. It presented a ticket that bids fair to command the united support of loyal men and to be elected. The resolutions, as reported by H. J. Raymond, were very good as far as they went, but as they contained no allusion to the President's proclamation of Freedom, they were supplemented by the Convention itself by the adoption of the following, on motion of a delegate from Troy:

Resolved, That the proclamation of President Lincoln, decreeing the emancipation of the slaves of rebels who refuse to lay down their arms, receiving as it does the support of every true soldier and general in the army of the Union, and every patriot at home, demands from all loyal men a cordial endorsement, and from this Convention an emphatic and unqualified approval, as a war measure thoroughly legal and justifiable.

Some of the more "conservative" of the leaders squirmed a little, but the resolution was adopted by a very large majority and with great enthusiasm.

The Copperhead Democracy hold their Convention this week in Albany. There is likely to be a division of opinion between the two factions which constitute the party, as to the amount of copper which can safely be put in the platform.

THE CAPTIVE OFFICERS OF COLORED REGIMENTS.—We find the following dispatch in the New York *Times* of Wednesday:

Washington, Sept. 8.—The President was interrogated to-day upon the subject of the exchange of prisoners, by the father of a New York officer of one of the colored regiments, who is a prisoner in Richmond. Mr. Lincoln said he would do all in his power to effect the release of these officers, and all others now prisoners, but he was not prepared, nor would he consent to make the release of officers of colored regiments an indispensable condition to a renewal of exchanges. The government was prepared to exchange man for man with the rebels, even should they refuse to release the officers of colored regiments. This would be done, because the government considered it unfair to make the case of a few officers a test question, when a much larger number would be benefitted by a resumption of exchanges, and the question of exchanging these officers left open for future consideration. He wished sincerely that they could be released speedily, but Jeff. Davis was a party to be consulted, and they could not be exchanged unless by some agreement with the rebel authorities. The question arising in regard to these officers was not covered by the cartel, and the officers of these regiments knew when they entered the service the peculiar risks incidental to their position, and for the present must endure the disagreeable consequences. The President, however, assured the gentleman that any unusual or barbarous treatment of such officers, or of colored soldiers, would cause retaliation.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.—We copy the following article from the Philadelphia *North American* of the 2d inst:

"As everybody knows, there are some 1,600 slaves still in the State of Delaware. Most of them are in the lower part of the State, upon the confines of Maryland, where negroes are also held in bondage. Nearer to the Pennsylvania line are numerous Africans 'owing service.' They are darkies who have been conditionally manumitted. Their former owners, dying, have bequeathed them to heirs, to be entirely free after serving a specified period. When with their 'ole marsers' the darkies did well enough; left to others for a limited period, they have often found themselves worked half to death. When perpetual ownership had departed from the holder, he often used the poor chattel like a hired horse, only to get out of him the most service in a short time.

"A poor slave woman thus circumstanced some time ago ran away. She came to this city and supported herself in comfort. Yesterday morning she was at Arch street wharf, when she was seen by a neighbor of the man whose service she had forsaken. The man thought he would perform a smart feat. He pointed out the woman to policeman No. 152, and ordered her arrest. The officer obeyed instructions, writing himself down as possessed of a minimum of intelligence necessary to perform his functions. The poor creature's heart sank as the officer directed her to follow him. She was conveyed to the Central Station more dead than alive, through mortal fear of Southern cane brakes and rice swamps, where her fellows annually perish by hundreds. The turnkey at the Central Station better knew his business. He refused to receive the woman when he heard the charge against her.

"While this was going on Passmore Williamson was sought, at his office, by a warm-hearted colored man, who had learned of the arrest. He started for the Central Station. Meanwhile, the Delawarean had conveyed the woman to the States' Union Hotel, where he stopped. He was for taking her back to Delaware, whether or no. Mr. Williamson saw Chief Ruggles. Chief Ruggles sent for Officer No. 152, and talked to him like a father. The officer has had long experience. How he came to commit the blunder of the arrest can only be ascribed to the fact that business up his way is very dull. The extent of his error is heightened by the fact that the man did not claim to own the woman, or to be authorized to act for the man who did.

"The woman was notified that she was at liberty to go where she pleased. The colored servants at the States' Union Hotel overwhelmed her with kindness."

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

WE find the following letter in the Missouri *Democrat*:

KETTYSVILLE, Chariton Co., Mo., Aug. 25, 1863.

EDITORS MISSOURI DEMOCRAT: In your paper of the 24th, I notice a letter from Pilot Knob, stating that a Mr. Pipkin of Iron County had emancipated his slaves, and asking who would go and do likewise.

I can inform him that a citizen of Glasgow, a Methodist—a Southern Methodist; yea, a Southern Methodist preacher, has emancipated his slaves also. What will the Southern Methodist Conference do with him when they meet again? Their last Conference was held in Glasgow where this preacher, the Rev. Mr. Sweeney, lives. During this Conference, Col. Green, with his rebel horde, passed through town, whereupon Conference adjourned, and all went out to meet him. Had the Angel Gabriel been passing through, not half the joy could have been expressed, as was by these preachers over this renegade from God and all good.

It is rumored here that the Rev. Mr. Caples of Blackwater notoriety, and several other preachers, are about to give the rebellion the go-by. Cannot the authorities in St. Louis suffer McAnally to issue a copy of *The Christian Advocate* occasionally, just to keep the rebellion from dying out among the Methodists?

JO. WESLEY.

The following paragraphs show that large numbers of the slaves of Missouri are not inclined to wait for their masters to set them free, but eagerly improving their opportunities to break their own chains. May the good work go on!

Still they come. Yesterday morning two boat loads of negroes landed near the mouth of Three-Mile creek. About fifty of their brethren from this side were on hand, to greet and welcome the new-comers. We understand that a number of the new arrivals propose to place themselves under the fostering care of Uncle Samuel at $10 per month and a good suit of clothes.—*Leavenworth Conservative, Aug.* 18th.

"SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND."—From a gentleman who came up from Wyandotte yesterday, we learn that about one hundred negroes have come over in the past few days. One large, fine-looking chap, being closely pursued to the river bank by his late master, plunged into the stream and swam over in double-quick time, although burdened down with a heavy overcoat. Reaching this bank, he rushed in breathless haste to the recruiting office, and presented himself for service. He seemed in great fear that his master might possibly arrive before the bargain was closed with Uncle Sam. When he was sworn in, he said: "Now jis let 'em cum; they can't git me; give me a gun; I want to go and kill rebels." His mind was perfectly easy as soon as he had enlisted.—*Leavenworth Conservative, Aug.* 18.

THE EXODUS.—Some thirty or forty negroes left Clay County yesterday for Kansas, taking with them a quantity of stock. This thing has become so common that a well informed gentleman tells us, that the heaviest slaveholders of that County are seriously discussing the project of sending all of their slaves to Kansas at once. They say that if the present state of affairs continues, they will lose not only their slaves, but much valuable stock also.

The Emancipation Ordinance has made a perfect stampede among the negroes, who cannot draw nice distinctions, and who imagine that they all come within the forty-year old class. In Platte County the negroes are leaving at the rate of thirty or forty a day, and only a few hundreds remain. The same process is going on all along the border, and Missouri will soon be rid of her slaves, in fact, if not in name. The barriers which fence in the slave system in this State are crumbling daily, and while our politicians are talking the negro is quietly *acting*, without any reference to statute books or ordinances.—*Kansas City Journal, Aug.* 16.

Capt. Wood, Sheriff of Platte County, was in the city a few days since, and from him we learned something of the negro stampede now going on in the lower Counties. During the last two months the darkeys have been leaving Platte County at the rate of about thirty or forty per day. By the census of 1840 Platte County had a slave population of three thousand three hundred and thirteen, and our informant thinks that there are but two or three hundred left. From all portions of North Missouri we have like information. The slaves are leaving by day and by night. Few owners pretend to stay the exodus. Many pack up their "duds" and walk boldly off in broad day, while others quietly retire in the night. Should the flight continue at the present rate, by the time 1866 rolls round the slaves of the State will scarcely be worth counting.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.*

HOSPITALS FOR COLORED SOLDIERS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.

BEAUFORT, S. C., Aug. 20th, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOUR readers and the friends of colored soldiers will be glad to learn that the sick and wounded from the regiments of colored troops are as well taken care of as white soldiers are. In the early days of the negro soldier movement in this Department—say last November—it was difficult to get medical and hospital supplies. The first requisition for such supplies for the 1st S. C. Vols., was returned to the Acting-Surgeon with this endorsement: "There are no more medical stores in the Department than are needed for the U. S. troops," thus ignoring the existence of colored troops. But no difficulty exists now in getting requisitions filled for regiments or hospitals of colored men.

I organized the first General Hospital here, by order of Gen. Saxton. It was opened for the admission of patients on the 12th of April last. Supplies were furnished for a hundred beds. The patients were mainly from the 1st Regt. S. C. Vols., with a few from the 2d Regiment. The number of the hospital at first was 10; but as other hospitals that had been in readiness for wounded men from the neighborhood of Charleston were given up, the number was changed to 7.

On the 4th of May I was ordered to accompany a detachment of the 1st S. C. Vols. down the coast; and I left the hospital in charge of Mrs. Hawks and the Hospital Steward, until the 20th of May, when Assistant-Surgeon Greenleaf, of the 2d S. C. Vols., took charge of it and in a few days removed the patients to a more commodious building. The number of the hospital was again changed from 7 to 6, which number it still retains. Two large buildings are now occupied by patients in this hospital. The number of patients shortly after the attack on Fort Wagner was 167. One of the nurses, Mrs. Strong, is the wife of the newly appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st S. C. Vols.

Dr. G., the Surgeon in charge, has had a large experience, having been connected with the first General Hospital that was started in Beaufort in 1862. The "Chief of General Hospitals" said the other day that No. 6 was the best conducted hospital in town.

On the 19th and 20th of July, 530 wounded men were brought here from Morris Island, the heroes of the terrible charge on Fort Wagner—150 of the number were from the 54th Massachusetts. No. 6 was filled to overflowing, and it was necessary to have another hospital to accommodate the sufferers. On the morning of the 20th I was ordered to fit up a hospital, to be called No. 10, in the same building I had occupied for that purpose three months ago. The house was occupied by two families at 9 o'clock; by 11 they had been removed, and forty-three patients were resting on newly filled beds of straw on the floor.

This was rather rough, though it was an improvement on camp fare. Every hour brought new conveniences until, in a few days, we had procured bedsteads of wood or iron, sheets, blankets, pillows, and hospital clothing. We soon had our numbers increased by transfer from No. 6, and by men from the regiment near, to 67.

We draw the regular army ration; the portion which is not needed by the patients, such as salt pork, bacon, etc., is left with the commissary, who gives credit for it, thus creating the "hospital fund." With this fund, anything which is desirable can be purchased for the hospital. The flour is taken to the baker's and exchanged for excellent bread, better than our cooks could possibly make. An ambulance comes round daily and brings fresh beef and bread; ice is brought twice a day. Through the kindness of the Medical Director, and the Chief of General Hospitals, Dr. Meyer, we have been furnished with a cask of bottled ale, and a barrel of the same in bulk. All the convalescents who are able to do so, go to the dining-room; those unable to leave their beds are served by the nurses in their rooms. Among the articles of diet for the sick, we have chickens, eggs, farina, corn-starch, chocolate, concentrated milk, canned fruits, dried fruits, as peaches, prunes, etc., also soda and Boston crackers.

The number of deaths in this hospital since it went into operation is 11, of which one was a civilian, one a member of the 1st S. C. Vols., and nine of the 54th Massachusetts. Those remaining are very lively and cheerful, and most of them desirous of having another brush with the rebels. Very respectfully,

J. M. HAWKS,
Ass't.-Surgeon in charge of General Hospital No. 10,

Our European Correspondence.

DUBLIN, August 21st, 1863.

You may remember that the American Anti Slavery Society published an account, a few years since, in a tract form, of a great sale of slaves in Savannah, Georgia. This sale was remarkable as an undeniable instance of the wholesale severance of family ties, which has been so often denied by the slaveholders as frequently incident to the fate of their victims; and also, because the plantation to which these slaves belonged was said to be managed with more than ordinary thoughtfulness and humanity. I believe it was generally known at the time that these human chattels were the property of Mr. Butler, formerly the husband of the celebrated tragedian and authoress, Frances Anne Kemble. I have this day finished the perusal of this gifted woman's lately published "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838, 1839." It has powerfully impressed me as one of the most effective anti-slavery books I have ever read, and I am most anxious that if you have not already seen it you should lose no time in doing so, and then I am sure you will hasten to recommend it to the attention of your readers. The style is easy, graceful and vigorous, and the pictures of Southern scenery and semi-tropical vegetation in an enchanting climate, with which the volume abounds, are a slight relief from the terrible details which she gives of the sufferings, degradation and cruelty by which the unfortunate slaves, and more especially the women, are afflicted. Much as I have read, much as I thought I knew on this subject, in reading her pages, I felt as if a lower deep beneath the lowest hell of slavery had opened before me. If there be any Northern women, with hearts to feel, who still need to be convinced that slavery is utterly irreconcilable with liberty, humanity and Christianity, I know nothing so likely as Mrs. Kemble's book to convince them of their error. As it lies before me it forms a handsome small octavo volume of 434 pages. I wish "all my heart" (as H. C. Wright used to say) that it were printed, with the writer's permission, in pamphlet form and scattered, like "Helper's Impending Crisis," throughout the free States. It could not fail to form a potent instrumentality in the real liberation of your country. I think it might even hasten the thorough conversion of Mr. Lincoln. Of Mr. Seward I have long lost all hope. No other nation under such circumstances as yours would have shown such patience as you have exhibited towards your rulers. Perhaps for this reason, that the majority of your people, like the President and his Prime Minister, have been so drugged, bewitched, and fascinated by pro-slavery teachings, sentiments and professions, that nothing but the most powerful stimulants, in the shape of repeated reverses, losses, crosses and humiliations, can ever rouse them to a full conviction that there is no hope for America unless slavery be destroyed root and branch. What torrents of blood and tears, what heaps of treason would have been spared this generation if the fathers of your nation had had the virtue to reject the guilty compromise by which guarantees for the maintenance of slavery were virtually, if not expressly, included in the Federal Constitution!

As I do not know whether you have seen Mrs. Kemble's book, I have extracted a number of passages which particularly attracted my notice, and which, if you please, you can lay before your readers. This lady is an illustrious instance of a woman of large heart and splendid natural and acquired gifts, whose moral perceptions have never been obscured in the presence of slavery, and whose testimony is of the highest value as an unimpeachable witness of slavery thoroughly unmasked. Nowhere else have I seen so detailed a picture of the life of the female slaves on a Southern plantation, nor one so likely to rouse any mind of ordinary humanity to feelings of uncompromising hostility to this detestable system.

You will observe that she declares herself an out-and-out Abolitionist, and that she is fully persuaded that no terms should be kept with slavery—that the slaveholders themselves are the greatest sufferers from its pollutions, and that the most merciful course for North and South, slave and owner

their efforts for the abolition of slavery. I know who powerless words are to comfort the mourners in such a case as this; but sympathy is consoling, and it will be freely extended wherever his name is known, and it is widely known both in Europe and America.

I was glad to see the letter of Mr. Jewett, of London, in a late number of THE STANDARD, remonstrating against the way in which George Thompson is overwhelmed by applications from colored paupers who bring introductions from America. Mr. Thompson is the man who should be most carefully protected from all such intrusion. He is far from a rich man; his heart is infinitely larger than his purse, and in common justice to his family and himself, he should not be sponged upon in this way. Within the last three years some Englishmen have written powerful articles, admirable books, potent and convincing essays—others have made telling speeches and preached effective sermons, which have done good service to the cause of the North, of liberty and of civilization; but for the last thirty years or thereabouts, no man has laid his time, his talents, his means, his chances for promotion and pecuniary independence, or has opened his doors or spread his table so unreservedly for the slave and his advocates as George Thompson. Others have done well in this respect; but in my opinion he has done more and given with a more open hand than any other. His offerings to the cause can only be compared with the widow's mite in that they have been offered in the same spirit.

It is quite likely that in saying so much of Mrs. Kemble's book, I may be "sending coals to Newcastle" or to Pittsburg. You have probably noticed it in THE STANDARD, and your remarks may have escaped my eye. In the passages sent herewith, I have selected some of those which appear to me the *specialté* of the work—I mean the details she gives of the utter prostrate degradation to which the female slaves are reduced by the unfeeling, thoughtless cruelties with which their field-hands are necessarily treated in the process of managing human beings merely as brute beasts. Indeed, in this respect, her descriptions of the hovels and hospitals on her husband's plantation contrast very unfavorably with the stables and cowhouses of any comfortable Irish farmer.

I enclose some lines to the air of John Brown's March, which a friend of mine offers as some improvement on the words to which it was originally sung, and hoping they may meet your approval. I remain, truly yours, RICHARD D. WEBB.

[Mr. Webb has our thanks for the extracts so carefully copied from Mrs. Kemble's work. They shall appear in due time. The lines of which he speaks, we are sorry to say, were not in his envelope.—*Editor.*

ILL ASS (Anglicus) IN A NOOSE.

THOMAS *resartus* (to TOM *sans cullote*).—"Tom, you unfathomable dolt, I find you grub for a livelihood, instead of wearing your vest, and living in ease as I do. Bless me! you will never look fit for heaven, you—!"

TOM.—"Sort, sir Thomas! That is my affair. Brush up your clothes, and take your through ticket for paradise. I'll speak the truth, and take the risk of getting there sometime. Let me hoe my row."

THOMAS.—"No, I won't. I'll hire you for life." (*And would awfully like to, but don't see exactly how;—besides, there is a halter round his literary neck that only needs to be tightened a little.*)—*Liberator.*

CHRISTIANITY REFORMATORY.—The Oberlin *News* says that President Finney's sermon to the classes lately graduated at the College in that place "was more than usually impressive and powerful in thought and expression. The doctrine taught was, that 'Christianity is radically reformatory.'" *The News* gives the following as the spirit of the discourse:

"Christianity teaches that Satan has usurped the government of this world; that the race is in rebellion and Satan's law prevails; that consequently every thing is arranged on selfish principles, and man is so depraved as to require, not merely reformation, but a radical change of heart and life; that Christ has undertaken the work of counter revolution; that he is to create all things new in the moral order of things, to reform or destroy all governments that do not obey God, to overthrow all wicked prejudices and practices, and, in a word, to *radically* destroy the work of the Devil.

"The speaker from these propositions then showed that *Conservatism*, which is a disposition to conserve the established order of things, is the great antagonist of Christianity. Its law is custom, precedent, established usage. It is opposed to changes, to reform, to progress, to overturning. An aggressive effort in religion it opposes as *new measures*. It gives heathenism its power as seen in caste and other abominations. It is the support of slavery, and has produced and continued so long the present war. When it cannot wholly prevent innovation it seeks compromise. It has resisted the education of the colored race and the elevation of woman.

"Conservavatism claims to keep the Church and world from going mad, but there is a vast distinction between radicalism and fanaticism. Christianity is patiently correcting all that is wrong; Fanaticism is either radicalism or conservatism, out of patience."

A COLORED SOLDIER DEFENDED.—In Philadelphia, one day last week, a number of rough fellows attempted to remove a colored soldier from a horse-car in which he was riding. While the conductor was deliberating whether to comply with the whim of the passengers, a gentleman (who proved afterwards to be Thomas Smith, President of the Bank of North America), rose in his seat and declared emphatically that the man should *not* be removed. *The Inquirer* says:

"All attempts at ridicule, the moment Mr. Smith gave his name, gave place to respect, except on the part of one unfortunate individual, who was uncourteous enough to say, 'I don't believe it.' The words had scarcely left his lips when, to use a common remark more expressive perhaps than refined, 'down went his house,' a well directed blow from the indignant and athletic bank president making the offender measure his length on the floor. Two or three acquaintances of the discomfited victim of Mr. Smith's just indignation then arose and made demonstrations towards the latter; they were for a moment held back by those in the car, during which time the colored soldier's champion stationed himself in the centre of the car and defied all opposition. His opponents, somewhat awe-stricken, concluded not to meddle with him. Having carried his point so far, he insisted on the soldier taking his seat, which he did with great hesitation, and was made by his protector to retain it until he reached his destination. Mr. Smith is no politician, and has no radical faith in any political party, but he is a strictly loyal man, and supports, with great vigor, all measures of the Administration. His conduct throughout the whole affair is highly creditable."

CANDOR OF THE PRESIDENT.—The following letter shows that President Lincoln is devoid of the false pride which often besets men in authority, forbidding the acknowledgment of an error of judgment, however plainly demonstrated:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, July 13, 1863.

To Major.-Gen. Grant.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join Gen. BANKS; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong. Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S LETTER TO GOV. SEWARD, to which we give place on the first page, presents with masterly and almost irresistible force the argument against a Reconstruction of the Union upon any basis of favor to or tolerance of slavery. This being the vital question now at issue in our politics, and upon which the next Presidential election will turn, it behooves every friend of freedom to make himself familiar with it in all its aspects and bearings. It seems to us that Mr. Owen has discussed it in this and other documents in a manner which does credit to his foresight as a statesman and to his skill as a logician.

THE MISSOURI CONVENTION.—We published last week the telegraphic report of the first day's proceedings of the Radical Emancipation Convention of Missouri. On the second day a Committee of one from each County in the State was appointed to visit Washington and lay before the President the grievences of the loyal people. The Union men of Kansas were invited to send a delegation to cooperate with this Committee. The resolutions adopted denounce the Gamble-Conservative reactionary military policy, endorse the Emancipation proclamation to the utmost extent, denounce the Provisional government as untrue to the loyal people of the State, ask Gov. Gamble to resign and the President to remove Gen. Schofield, thank the President for arming negroes, demand of the Legislature to call a new Constitutional Convention to consider the grievances under which the State labors, warn the Legislature against resisting the will of the people and request the Radical members thereof to vote for B. Gratz Brown and Benjamin Lowe for U. S. Senators.

OBITUARY.

From The Liberator.

DIED, in Lancaster Co., Pa., on the 14th of August, AMOS GILBERT, in the 81st year of his age.

Descended from an ancestor who liberated his slaves from a conscientious conviction that man had no right to property in his fellow-man, before the Commonwealth led the way in legislative emancipation, he was true to the hereditary principles of his family, bearing a firm and constant testimony against American slavery, in season and out of season, and was actively engaged more than half a century ago in aiding fugitives in their efforts to escape from Southern bondage. He was, for some time, editor of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, established by Benjamin Lundy, with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy.

He discharged this duty at the Capital of the nation, at a time when to speak the truth of the Great American Crime against Humanity exposed the friend of liberty to the danger of assassination. His testimony was so faithful to the last, that more than one Abolitionist who had lowered his standard to the mere support of "the Union and the Government" was offended with his stringent applications of unadulterated truth; and he died as he lived, unpopular with all but the perfectly faithful.

May his reward be that of the just made perfect, and may our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ receive him into his blessed kingdom!

☞ We have long known and regarded the deceased friend, whose death we are now called upon to record, as one of the most upright and faithful of the Anti-Slavery host—as a fearless investigator and lover of the truth, an independent thinker, and a friend of progress and reform in their widest manifestations. He was, occasionally, a contributor to the columns of *The Liberator*, his style always marked by clearness and precision, and his suggestions or criticisms worthy of consideration. A truly good man has departed.—[*Ed. Liberator.*

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

We have highly important news from Charleston. The Richmond *Enquirer* of Wednesday contains a dispatch from the doomed city, dated the 7th, which announces that Morris Island was evacuated by the rebels on the previous afternoon. Our forces, it appears by the dispatch, had dug their way up to the very moat of Wagner, and it being impossible longer to hold the work, Beauregard ordered its evacuation. Fort Gregg was also necessarily evacuated, and Gen. Gillmore was in full possession of Cummings' Point, in full view of the city of Charleston. At last accounts heavy firing was going on between the monitors and Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island. A demand had been made for the surrender of Fort Sumter, but it had been refused.

Gen. Burnside has captured Knoxville, East Tennessee, his cavalry having entered the place about the 4th inst. At Kingston, we now learn, the rebels did not show much fight, but fell back, and finally retreated. There were several skirmishes on the way to Knoxville, the most severe of which was at Lodan, at which place the rebels were routed with considerable loss. Gen. Burnside's losses during the advance have been trifling.

Glorious news reaches us from Gen. Rosecran's army. Chattanooga was evacuated by the rebels on Tuesday, and was occupied by Gen. Crittenden's division on Wednesday. The rebels retreated southward.

Richmond papers of the 5th contain the proceedings of a Convention of some of the leading secessionists of Mississippi, which called on Jeff. Davis to summon out and arm for the rebellion one hundred thousand negroes.

It appears that Gen. Blunt's recent operations in the Indian Territory have been much more important than we were led to suppose from reports previous. His little army, only 4 500 strong, crossed the Arkansas River on the 22d ult, and offered battle to the rebel Generals Steele and Cooper, who commanded 11,000 men. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, however, the rebels, after a slight resistance, commenced a retreat, which soon became a disorderly flight. Gen. Blunt pursued one hundred miles to Perryville, at which point he captured and destroyed the rebel commissary depot. Here the pursuit was abandoned, and Gen. Blunt turned toward Fort Smith, which place he has doubtless captured.

A correspondent with the army of the Cumberland in a recent letter gives additional and most interesting evidence on the subject of discontent in the South, both in and out of the rebel armies. Desertion is no longer confined to solitary individuals, but large masses of men only wait for an opportunity to quit a service which they loathe. From reliable information it would appear that 5,000 men have taken refuge in the mountains of Georgia alone, successfully resisting all the force that the authorities can bring against them. As every man the Confederates can raise is needed to oppose our troops, it will be well nigh impossible for them to disperse the refugees, whose numbers will continue to increase as the cause of the Confederacy becomes more desperate.

The New-Bedford *Mercury* says it has the best of reasons for expressing the belief that before this a combined attack by our forces has been made in the vicinity of the Sabine Pass upon Texas. Some of Grant's troops are acting in concert with the fleet, and the preparations have been of such a character as to make success certain. The government appreciates the importance of the occupation of Texas at once, before Louis Napoleon gets a foothold there; and the movement is with this design.

Reports from Memphis are to the effect that Gens Grant and Thomas have gone to New Orleans; that Gen. Grant will command all the Mississippi region, and that Gen. Banks will go to Texas. It is also said that the rebel army under Joe Johnston has removed from the vicinity of Enterprise, but what direction it has taken is not known. It has, no doubt, gone either to Mobile or to Chattanooga.

Refugees and deserters from rebeldom, who have recently arrived in Memphis, bring reports which, if one-half of them are true, indicate a condition of affairs in the "Confederacy" which certainly must soon result in a collapse of the whole concern. The losses of Gen. Joe Johnston by desertion are said to average fifty per night—his army being completely dispirited and demoralized. The army of Bragg is also said to be rapidly falling to pieces by desertion and other causes. The Union feeling among the inhabitants is gaining strength daily, and a reconstruction meeting had been called by Unionists in the vicinity of Columbus, Ga., but it was suppressed by the military. There is, no doubt, some truth in all these reports.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

COLORED ENLISTMENTS IN MISSISSIPPI.

Vicksburg, Aug. 14.—Gen. Thomas has fairly entered on the work of organizing negro regiments. He has been occupied during the last two or three days in filling up the regiments already organized, and in removing incompetent officers, and in supplying their places with others. Among other appointments is that of Wm. Bensinger, one of the eight privates of Gen. Mitchel's command who returned to Washington last Spring, after their hazardous and courageous undertaking to make a railroad raid through the South in April, 1862. Your readers will recollect that they were each rewarded by Secretary Stanton with a medal and one hundred dollars. He also recommended them to Gov. Todd for commissions. All except Bensinger have received them. He applied to Secretary Stanton for a captaincy, and the request was immediately granted. He will be appointed to the first captaincy in Rosecrans's army. There have been some bad appointments. Many colonels, when asked to mention the names of those who were fit to command, sent in those of whom they desired to get rid. Any pestiferous, unpleasant fellow could thus be disposed of, and removed from the company of those who had got tired of them. This was an imposition that Gen. Thomas could not provide against; but as soon as any officer is found to be unfit for the place he holds, he is discharged.

Natchez, Aug. 16.—Yesterday Adjt.-Gen. Thomas arrived here for the purpose of organizing some negro regiments, and while here was visited by a number of the leading citizens. They met at Gen. Ransom's headquarters, and stayed two hours or more conversing with him and Gen. Grant on the state of affairs, and on the treatment they were to receive from the military authorities. Gen. Thomas told them that he should take all the able-bodied negroes he could get for soldiers, and he hoped the remainder would stay on the plantations where they belonged and gather the crops. He advised that every means be used to induce the negroes to work for wages, and expressed himself desirous to do all he could to assist the loyal men in securing sufficient labor to finish their harvest. There was a frank and free interchange of ideas on these subjects, and the residents were perfectly willing to accede to any terms offered. They admit that slavery is gone forever. They say nothing about it unless their opinion is asked, but all negotiations and speculations proceed on that assumed basis—assumed no less by one side than by the other. Some of the planters have already begun to pay wages to their negroes, and though they find a good deal of difficulty in getting them to work even for hire, they are not without hope that in time the slaves will have some higher idea of freedom than consists in lying in the sun and eating what they can steal. There must, however, necessarily, be a great deal of destitution and suffering among them before they learn what nothing in their former life could teach them—the responsibilities of self-dependence and freedom. There will also be a great waste of property this Fall. Many of the crops will be utterly lost for the want of hands to do the harvesting. There is, fortunately, not much cotton planted, but there is a good deal of corn, which is much more easily saved than cotton.

Six thousand runaway negroes are collected in the contraband camp at Natchez. Of these, some three hundred will be fit for military service—a small proportion, indeed, but it must be remembered that the hardships and exposures of slavery are not conducive to the health of the slaves. Besides this, we must also recollect that there are upward of ten thousand negroes employed in this department alone as teamsters, cooks, quartermaster's hands and officers' servants, and all the work they do would have to be performed by whites if not done by them. Two regiments will be formed here by the end of next week. The Thirtieth Missouri, which has been reduced to about two hundred men, will, at the unanimous request of the officers and men, be consolidated into two companies, and, with eight companies of black soldiers form a regiment of heavy artillery. The other regiment will be infantry.

A MARYLANDER ON NEGRO ENLISTMENTS.

Judge Bond, of Baltimore, one of the foremost citizens of Maryland, has written a letter to the Secretary of War, in which he gives, with admirable clearness, the reasons which in common fairness demand that not only the free negroes and free whites, but also the blacks now held as slaves, ought to be enlisted in our armies.

The population of Maryland is about 750,000. Of these 80,000 are free negroes and 87,000 are slaves. The slaves are held by about 16,000 persons. The government has deputed Col. Birney, an able officer, to enlist the free negroes of Maryland into the service. Judge Bond is of opinion that, in justice to the great mass of the white population, the slaves ought also to be enlisted. By taking away the free blacks and leaving the slaves, he says, the government compels those who employ workingmen in the State to hire slaves to do their work. It is notorious that white workingmen will not come into a State where they are placed in competition with unpaid slave labor, and eighty thousand free blacks are, therefore, a very valuable part of the population of Maryland. To take them away and leave the slaves, would leave a void which could not be filled; but to enlist the slaves, as well as the free blacks, would make Maryland a free State almost at once, and that would immediately attract white workingmen to fill the places left vacant, in the fields and workshops, by the enlistment of negroes.

He remarks that the present course, of enlisting only the free blacks, in effect, puts money into the pockets of the sixteen thousand slaveholders, at the expense of the remaining six hundred thousand whites; it saddles slavery upon Maryland, against the wishes of a great part of her people; and it protects and guards the interest of a small minority of sixteen thousand persons, to the injury of the great mass of the population.

He says, justly, that so far as regards the service owed by persons to the government, the slave is on an equality with the apprentice and the minor. These all are bound to their masters or parents under the law. Yet the government takes the white apprentice from his master, under the Conscription law. It does even more; for it enlists the minor, who, by natural right and by law, owes service to his father till he is twenty-one. The government takes him if he is between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one.

Nor does Judge Bond think that the sixteen thousand slaveholders have a right to ask compensation for the services of their slaves if they are enlisted. A father does not receive compensation if his son, aged eighteen, is taken. A master is not compensated if his apprentice is taken. Why, then, should the slaveholder's interest be specially protected, above that of the non-slaveholder? Why should the interests of sixteen thousand persons be treated with a regard not paid to the interests of six hundred thousand—or twenty millions? Moreover, he adds, the slaveholders are in general the bitter enemies of the Union; why protect and guard them, to the injury of those who support and defend the Union?

These are unanswerable arguments, and we have no doubt they will obtain the consideration of the government.

NEGRO ENLISTMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS.

The following important Order has been issued by the Commanding General of the Department of the Gulf:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, Aug 21, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER—I. Col. John S. Clark, Major B. Rush Plumley and Col. George H. Hanks, are hereby appointed a Commission to regulate the enrollment, recruiting, employment and education of persons of color. All questions concerning the enlistment of troops for the Corps d'Afrique, the regulation of labor, or the government and education of negroes, will be referred to the decision of this Commission, subject to the approval of the Commanding General of the Department.

II. No enlistments for the Corps d'Afrique will be authorized or permitted, except under regulations approved by this Commission.

III. The Provost-Marshal General will cause to be enrolled all able bodied men of color, in accordance with the law of Conscription, and such number as may be required for the military defence of the Department, equally appointed to the different parishes, will be enlisted for military service under such regulations as the Commission may adopt. Certificates of exemption will be furnished to those not enlisted, protecting them from arrest or other interference, except for crime.

IV. Soldiers of the Corps d'Afrique will not be allowed to leave their camps or wander through the parishes, except upon written permission, or in the company of their officers.

V. Unemployed persons of color, vagrants and camp loafers, will be arrested and employed upon the public works, by the Provost Marshal's Department, without other pay than their rations and clothing.

VI. Arrests of persons and seizures of property will not be made by colored soldiers, nor will they be charged with the custody of persons or property, except when under the command, and accompanied by duly authorized officers.

VII. Any injury or wrong done to the family of any soldier on account of his being engaged in military service, will be summarily punished.

VIII. As far as practicable the labor of persons not adapted to military service will be provided in substitution for that of enlisted men.

IX. All regulations hitherto established for the government of negroes, not inconsistent herewith, will be enforced by the Provost-Marshals of the different parishes, under direction of the Provost-Marshal General. By command of MAJ.-GEN. BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, A. A. General.

The following notice from the Commission appointed by Gen. Banks appears in the New Orleans papers:

NEW ORLEANS, August 28, 1863.

Impressment of men of color into the military service of the United States being contrary to General Orders dated August 21, all recruiting officers and squads are hereby ordered to desist from such impressment.

Col. J. S. CLARK, Major B. RUSH PLUMLEY, Col. GEO. H. HANKS, } Commission for the regulation and government of people of color.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21.

Every day or two a fresh regiment of colored soldiers is organized. There are already about a dozen organized, and the work still goes vigorously on. Although some few white men do not like the idea of being an officer in a "nigger regiment," yet there does not seem to be any difficulty in finding men to accept the position—even old residents here. I know many who have resided in New Orleans for years, who are to-day holding commissions in colored regiments.

Several of these regiments have been organized since the fall of Port Hudson, and are to-day on duty in the country parishes. On picket duty, they often fall in with a few guerillas, which they gobble up and take into headquarters. The rebels are chopfallen enough when they find themselves caught by a "nigger squad," but when they learn that they are to be sent to the city in charge of "niggers," their indignation and astonishment know no bounds—it is too great for utterance—their most fertile imagination had never before conjured up anything so humiliating. "What, Captain! send me to town in charge of niggers? Never; I won't go." But the "Captain" is inexorable, and so they are marched off for the city in charge of a "nigger squad," sadder if not wiser men.

NEGROES IN GEN. STEVENSON'S BRIGADE.

In a recent letter from Port Royal, S.C., to *The Tribune*, it is said: "Yesterday Gen. Stevenson's Brigade, now comprising six of the best regiments in the Department, were reviewed by Gen. Gillmore and Gen. Terry, the division commander. It seemed rather queer to see the 54th Massachusetts (negro) in Gen. Stevenson's Brigade, but nevertheless it was so, and from the compliments paid the regiment by both Gen. Gillmore and Gen. Terry, this Massachusetts General, over whom Senators fought so stubbornly last Spring, had no reason to feel humiliated by its presence. The Brigade was reviewed upon the ocean beach, in sight of the enemy from Fort Wagner and Sullivan's Island, and part of the time under fire from the batteries on James Island."

A COLORED FILLE DU REGIMENT.

Last May while the 12th Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers was in Lancaster, Ky., a chubby young Anglo-African, answering to the name of "Tommy," came into camp and desired to enter the service of some one of Uncle Sam's officers, and thus escape another service that was irksome and unremunerative, beside being disloyal. One of the Captains of the Twelfth received the fugitive as a body servant, and in that capacity the modest, quiet Tommy accompanied the Twelfth in its campaigning through the "dark and bloody ground" of Boone and Garrard, and on its return to Providence, dwelling in the Captain's canvas palace, and winning many pleasant words for good behavior. Tommy followed the regiment through the shouting crowds that lined the sidewalks of Market Square and Westminster, and politely gave the military salute whenever the neat uniform and trim figure received the special commendation of the colored belles on the curbstone. When the regiment was dismissed, the Captain surrendered Tommy to the Lieutenant, and the hemp plantation was exchanged for a home by the sounding sea. There the refinements of civilized life were too much for Tommy, and the Captain's body servant proved to be a veritable daughter of the regiment, a girl of less than twenty Summers, who had been able in camp and on the march so successfully to conceal her sex in the guise of a boy that the Captain at whose feet she slept had no suspicion that he was harboring a sable "woman and a sister," determined on achieving liberty even at the expense of a temporary renunciation of red bandannas and calico. Tommy was brought back to this city in the dress appropriate to her sex, and a place has been procured for her in the country. The officers now recollect that Tommy wouldn't ride horseback, and declined the most tempting propositions to go a swimming; and even the captain discovers several interesting periods where the laugh comes in. When the Twelfth veterans again take the field, the Captain will hardly enlist a body servant without the preliminary examinations of the surgeon.—*Providence Journal.*

NEGRO ENLISTMENTS IN TENNESSEE.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 11, 1863.—Officers are now engaged in mustering the negro laborers on the fortifications here into the service as United States soldiers. The rebels are, as may be readily conceived, much disgusted thereat. There are enough negroes here to make two full regiments, and they are to be organized and armed as rapidly as possible.—*Herald.*

THE FIRST OF AUGUST ON MORRIS ISLAND.

Extract of a letter from a soldier of the Massachusetts 54th (colored) regiment:

"MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Aug. 5, 1863.

"We had a meeting here the first of August, Sergeant-Major Douglass in the chair, and the principal speaker a young colored man from South Carolina. Only think of that! in the sight of Sumter, within a few miles of Charleston, the hot-bed of slavery and centre of rebeldom."—*Liberator.*

THE NEGRO TROOPS WILL FIGHT.

The following letter affords testimony on this point, from a well-known source, which cannot be controverted. It fully substantiates all that has been said as to the bravery of the Massachusetts 54th:

BEAUFORT, S. C., Aug. 7th, 1863.

SENATOR WILSON—*Dear Sir:* Knowing that you feel an interest in the fate of the 54th Massachusetts, as well as in the problem of the human races, I will drop you a line to assure you that slander will not affect the reputation of that regiment in the two battles in which they have taken part.

I saw them march along to the assault as steadily and sternly as the most veteran of the battalion. I saw them plunge bravely into the terrible abyss of death, which the darkness of night was rapidly concealing from view. As to how they fought, there is the long list of the fallen. As to how far they went, there is the fact of sixty being captured within the fort, and so admitted to me by the rebels under the flag of truce.

I can testify that they bore their wounds with the heroic fortitude of the most determined veterans, and they died as nobly. Very respectfully,

A. C. HAMLIN,
Medical Inspector U. S. Army.

FAIR WAGES FOR FAIR WORK.

It is stated that the troops of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment decline to receive wages of ten dollars a month when other soldiers are paid thirteen. It seems that there is some interpretation of some law by which these men are held not to be soldiers but "contrabands," or some kind of something which is not to be paid full wages for its services.

That this absurdity will continue is, of course, impossible. That the government means honorably to the soldiers of every kind and color, we know; and that some snarl of red tape must be untied before we can act simply and honestly in this matter is very possible. But the matter is very plain. If we gravely propose to pay such soldiers as assaulted Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, and charged upon the rebels at Millikin's Bend, less than other soldiers, we propose to insult them and to dishonor ourselves. It is idle to suppose that such men are to be humbugged. They know quite as well as we whether their fighting is worth as much as that of other soldiers or not. If it is, and they are not paid as much, they will naturally object.

The thing to be done is to remove immediately every impediment to their fair payment. The greater thing to be done is to show the men who so bravely dare and die for us, that we are worth fighting for, that we do cordially acknowledge their services, and that whatever the difference of our complexion and capacity may be, our manhood is equal to theirs. The slowness, the reluctance, the bitterness with which we have accepted the assistance of such soldiers, will be recorded with wonder and sorrow hereafter. "The question," said Gen. Mitchel, just before he went to Charleston, "is not so much whether we should call upon these people, as whether they will believe we mean honestly by them when we do call." The least we can do is to pay fairly for fair work.—"*The Lounger,*" *in Harper's Weekly.*

RHODE ISLAND AND HER COLORED SOLDIERS.

From The Anglo African.

From the following article, taken from the Providence *Journal* of Aug. 29th, it will be seen that Rhode Island, unlike Pennsylvania, is not afraid to parade her colored soldiers on the streets of her principal city. Unawed by the mob spirit, she is giving her brave black sons all the rights and privileges extended to her white ones. Well done, Rhode Island! Worthy of a stand side by side with glorious old Massachusetts! Black men, fully appreciating her conduct, are rushing to her standard by hundreds. Nearly one hundred stalwart men left this city in one day for her ranks. A battalion of heavy artillery, consisting of three companies of one hundred and fifty men each, is now full, and a dozen companies of the same size could be completed inside of a brief period. So, Gov. Smith, if possible, let us have a full regiment of black artillerists; we have the men, and they shall be forthcoming as soon as you give the word.

From The Providence Journal.

The first and second colored companies of heavy artillery made a street parade yesterday afternoon.

So much interest has been manifested in the movement which has resulted in the formation of these fine companies that a somewhat extended notice of them may not be devoid of interest. It is probably well understood that the failure to raise the Sixth regiment of colored men, the order for which was issued about a year ago, was owing solely to the want of cooperation by the War Department in Washington. The Conservatives were shocked and the army was indignant at the attempt to let this be anything but "a white man's war." The past year, which has been so fruitful of great events, has given us greater wisdom and disabused us of our prejudices against colored men as soldiers. They have had an opportunity to display their manhood, and they have stood the test of heroes. We are beginning to recognize the black man, and now our white armies welcome the brave black regiments.

Massachusetts has put forth her 54th regiment and followed it by the 55th, both colored, and both counting towards her quota of troops called for by the President. Rhode Island now follows Massachusetts, which she ought to have led. The result is, we have lost from our State many men who have gone to swell the quota of another. The naval recruits taken from the State within the year have also considerably diminished our colored population.

It was under these circumstances that Gov. Smith ventured to urge for authority to raise a single battery from the limited colored population here, the order for which was issued on the 29th of July and its management entrusted to a well known anti-slavery man and a friend of the colored race. The success has more than equalled the most sanguine expectations of the enthusiastic, and silenced all the croakings of the unbelievers; and to-day, in less than a month since the order was issued, the first company of nearly one hundred and fifty men has been mustered into the U. S. service; the second is equally full, and a large nucleus for a third is already in camp.

As the first company is to go on immediate duty to Dutch Island, a street parade of both companies was decided upon, although from want of drill it would be made at the greatest possible disadvantage. It was only Thursday that the second company received their muskets, so that the utmost allowance should be made for inevitable imperfections in discipline and drill.

The column was under command of that popular and efficient officer, Major Viall, formerly the commander of the Second Regiment R. I. Volunteers. The first company was under command of Capt. Thomas Fry, formerly a Lieutenant in the Third Regiment Heavy Artillery, and the second under the command of that staunch anti-slavery man and veteran soldier, Capt. Henry Simon.

The appearance of three hundred muskets in our streets, in the hands of as many sturdy, stalwart black men, was a novel sight in Providence, and we are sure it was looked upon with unusual interest. In the ranks were men well worthy of a better notice than we shall be able to give them. Look, for instance, at the two Freeman boys at the right of the line in the first company. Peter, the file leader, is a splendidly formed man, huge, muscular and powerfully built. Charles Freeman is his equal in all that goes to make up the physical man. Though they are of the same name, and fashioned after the same colossal mould, they are in no other way relatives. Peter is from the border and from slavery. Charles is of Rhode Island stock and hails from Bristol. Jeremiah Noka, who is not much inferior, and stands near the right, is also a noteworthy specimen of a Rhode Islander. He is one of the two of those purest which a modern intermingling of African blood has left to us of the once all-powerful tribe of Narragansetts. His fine shape, his decided Indian cast of features, his genial and winning smile, his generous expression, inevitably recalls the memory of the lost Narragansetts. Sergeants Jenkins, Phenix and Howland, of this city, are well known and capable men and well-drilled soldiers.

Wm. L. Humbert was one of the first to volunteer, and has sacrificed quite a business by enlisting. Being a tailor, we saw him quite full of business yesterday in his tent sewing on the chevrons for the officers. We notice, too, that he has sewed them upon his own coat sleeve.

Corporal George Black is a fine manly fellow, well worthy of his place. He was drafted, but was too anxious to go to make the effort which every white man does to get exempt. By a little friendly aid, however, he procured it on the ground of a dependent widowed mother, and at once volunteered, and so became entitled to the State bounty. So many of our Providence colored men are so well drilled that there is as large a surplus of competent men for non-commissioned officers as there are for applicants for the commissioned ones. Sergt. Charles A. Jackson of the second company was the first man to enlist in the first company. He worked so long and so industriously to fill the ranks of the first that he lost his chance for preferment in it and was transferred to the second, where he became Orderly Sergeant. There are many other excellent men in both of these companies, some fine scholars, many excellent penmen, a vast proportion of them are of superior moral worth, and they are nearly all trusty and faithful men.

Though furloughs have been and are freely given, none have violated their promises. They are not quite satisfied with the prospect of a Dutch Island campaign, and are ready for rougher work; for they feel that they have, as one of them expressed himself upon enlistment, "*a debt to pay.*" A considerable familiarity with these hitherto neglected and despised men has tended to increase the writer's respect for, and confidence in them, and he gives this willing tribute of praise, confident that all others who know them as well will accord them no less.

Summary.

A Copperhead paper is about to be started at Plymouth, Mass., to be called *The Rock of Plymouth.* Will not the very stones cry out against such a desecration?

A daily paper of the Copperhead order has just commenced in Cairo, Ill., called *The Democrat.* There are nearly a hundred grog-shops there. This explains the matter.

A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semi-colon; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

ARKANSAS having been stripped of men to fill up the rebel army, the negroes, being left at home, are taking a holiday; they go about the country singing, and eating, and drinking, and often burn houses and destroy furniture. —*Cor. Tribune.*

A seven year old boy, lately heard to use profane language, on being reproved by his parents, and directed to ask God's forgiveness, retired to his room and was overheard to say, "O God! I am very sorry I said that naughty word, and I won't say so any more; but please hurry and make me grow up to be a man, and then I can swear as much as I want to, like pa, and nobody will notice it."

A MODEL REGIMENT.—When Paymaster Northop was in New Orleans, he asked Col. Bissell, of the Twenty-fifth Connecticut volunteer regiment, whether there was any swearing in his regiment? "You may go through the regiment," answered Col. Bissell, "and I'll give you five dollars for every oath you hear from it." The paymaster hunted diligently after his reward, with good hope, but he searched in vain.

THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE—ESCAPE OF NEGROES.—Considering the large number of negroes living in Lawrence, they escaped almost marvellously. Only some twenty were killed. The cause of this appears to have been that negroes were on the alert, having been for some time suspicious of an event of this character. They told citizens that Quantrell had spies in town every day. Some of them were at a railroad meeting held the night before in front of the Eldridge House.—*Cor. Times.*

A CURIOUS PIC-NIC ON THE BIG BLACK.—A letter from Vicksburg, 25th ult., says: "A pic-nic was held on the Big Black yesterday, under the auspices of Col. Crobaugh, that called together great numbers of rebel ladies, who enjoyed it as much as such things are generally, and while there a flag of truce came in, and the Confederate officers joined the party. It was in all a remarkable sight —friend and foe at a pic-nic within our picket lines."

REV. A. C. LOCKWOOD is in Boston, endeavoring to organize a colony of orthodox Congregationalists, to settle in central Delaware, who shall take along with them the church and school and the various elements of social prosperity, and set agoing in that beautiful fruitland a miniature New England, for the purpose of evangelizing and developing the State. To this end an association has been formed, of which many leading men in the State are officers, and Mr. Lockwood is the agent.

FATAL ASSAULT UPON A COLORED MAN.—Daniel Jackson, the colored man who was beaten on Sunday morning, 30th ult., at his residence in Prospect street, by a crowd of rowdies, died afterwards at the City Hospital from the effects of his injuries. The house of the deceased was attacked by a crowd of rowdies, who broke in his door with paving stones and struck him on the head, fracturing his skull. Two of the assailants were arrested, and were identified by the deceased.—*Eve. Post.*

A couple were engaged to be married the other day in Chicago, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had been drafted in New York, and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy of the occasion. With tear-drops glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said: "I don't keer a durn; there's plenty more men in the world, anyhow!"

DRAFT INCIDENT.—The Providence *Journal* says that a colored conscript lately presented himself in that city for examination, and failing to develop any physical disability, inquired if age wouldn't do nothing for a body. "How old are you?" asked the captain. "Forty-seven, sar." "Well, if you can show that you are so old, you are exempt under the law." So the conscript pulled out of his pocket a *bill of sale of himself*, dated at Richmond, which gave enough of his descriptive genealogy to warrant the board in exempting him for over age.

NEGRO VOTERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Free negroes were permitted to vote in North Carolina until the amendment of the Constitution in 1835, when a prohibition was adopted. Senator Douglas, in the debate on the admission of Minnesota into the Union, stated, as a historical incident (which was not contradicted by the North Carolina Senators present), that a distinguished North Carolinian emancipated a large number of his own negroes in order to make them voters to elect him to the Legislature of the State.

The Empress Eugenie has appeared on promenade with a long walking-stick, and now canes with the ladies are all the "rage." The Paris shop windows are beginning to display them at prices to suit customers—some cheap and homely; others elegant and costly. The length of the stick is adjusted to the height of the lady, as they are recommended to come up to the height of the shoulder. They are carried for support, for protection, and for distinction; that is, the ladies like to have "something in their hands to play with," and especially at the sea-side, where they are always breaking the point of their parasols by poking at pebbles and things. And then, why should not a woman carry a cane as well as a man? Is she not the weaker vessel?

INTOLERANCE IN PHILADELPHIA.—On Monday, Aug. 31, a flag painted by a colored man was presented to the colored regiment at Camp William Penn, near Philadelphia, on the eve of its departure for the South; but though a large number of colored people attended at the ceremony, they were excluded from the ordinary city cars, and were comp

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SURE WITNESS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The Summer wood had spread
Shadows around my head;
"Curtains they are," I said,
"Hung dim and still about the house of prayer."
Softly among the limbs,
Turning the leaves of hymns,
I heard the winds, and asked if God was there.
No voice replied; but while I listening bent,
Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With ruddy, open hand,
I saw the wild rose stand
Beside the green gate of the Summer hills;
And pulling at her dress,
I cried, "Sweet Hermitess,
Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distils?"
No voice replied; but while I listening bent,
Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone;
"She walketh heaven alone,
And seeth all things," to myself I mused.
"Hast thou beheld Him, then,
Who hides himself from men
In that great power through Nature interfused?"
No speech made answer and no sign appeared.
But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Walking one time, strange awe
Thrilling my soul, I saw
A kingly splendor round about the night.
Such cunning work the hand
Of spinster never planned;
The finest wool may not be washed so white.
"Hast thou come out of heaven?" I asked; and lo!
The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, "Give o'er;
Question no more, no more:
The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit flower,
The illuminated air,
The pleasure after prayer,
Proclaim the unoriginated Power!
The mystery that hides him here and there
Bears the sure witness he is everywhere."

FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

SOLD AT SAVANNAH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

When I was employed in taking surveys for the projected line between Warrenton, in Georgia, and Clarksville, in South Carolina, I made the town of Augusta, in the former State, my headquarters. The line came to nothing; they could not find capital for it, considering the trifling amount of traffic to be expected, but that was no fault of mine. The directors paid me well; I was their head surveyor, and my two horses were none too many for the long and rough rides I had to take, with muddy fords to cross, and tangled swamps to pick my way through. I was lodged in rather a quiet boarding-house, a hundred yards out of the town, where the people were kind and decent, and where I was free from the incessant noise and quarrels of the Augusta hotels. My board cost me, as usual so far South, three dollars and a half, and I got accommodation for my horses close by. Well occupied as I was, I had little leisure, and less inclination for picking up idle acquaintances among the horse-jockeys and card-players of Augusta. I knew four or five of the better sort of young men, but only one family. This was a Quaker household, very good, gentle, worthy folks from Boston, who seemed strangely misplaced among that fierce and dissolute population. There was Mr. Boaz Bingley, and his silent wife, and his two demure children, and his talkative sister Ruth, thanks to whose perpetual mode of personally addressing him, the Quaker went by the name of "Brother Boaz." Far be it from me, however, to throw any shade of ridicule on those estimable people; kindlier hearts never beat beneath sad-colored raiment than theirs; nor should I have dragged them into notice, but that it is necessary to mention them, if I would be understood in my future narration.

One day, I was riding home from a long exploring expedition among the fords and creeks of the Savannah river, which river, through its entire course, serves as a boundary line between Georgia and South Carolina, when I came to a fork in the road, and had to choose between three several tracks. A glance at my compass sufficed to show that two of these narrow bridle-paths would lead me with sufficient directness towards the west, where Augusta was situated. But there is always something of embarrassment in a choice, and in this case there seemed a most puzzling equality of merits between the rival roads. Both were straight and rugged, and passed beneath arches of interlaced branches and festoons of parasitic plants, and both showed a vista of thick-bolled cotton-woods and giant myrtles. I let my horse choose, and on we went. There were hoof-tracks in the black earth, seamed with veins of sand, and dappled with tufts of moss, but I had not woodcraft sufficient to distinguish the date of their imprint. At any rate I was deep in the steaming depths of the Southern forest. A swamp must have been near, for the frogs kept up such a diabolical diapason, with short intervals, as quite to drown the notes of the screaming jays, the chattering woodpecker, the many unknown songsters, and the wonderful mocking-bird, that counterfeited all their tones and tunes. Yes, a swamp must have been near, for there was a dank hot vapor in the air; the flies and mosquitoes were very teasing, even at that early hour of the afternoon, and my lungs quite panted for cooler and purer air. So on I went, seeing first a cypress, and then a myrtle tree, and then a cotton-wood, and then a pine, and then more cypresses in endless ranks before me. My horse had to push his way more than once through an encroaching wild vine that barred the road with its tough tendrils; but we made fair progress, until the angry growl of a dog, issuing from the thicket of wax trees on the right, made Saladin snort and rear. In the suddenness of the motion, and deeply immersed as I was in a mental computation of the cost of so many thousand sleepers of live oak, and so much Pennsylvania bar-iron, I was nearly unhorsed; and as I regained the mastery over my frightened steed, I called out impatiently: "Who's there? Confound you, call off your dog, whoever you are!"

No reply was returned, but the dog's wrathful growl sunk into a mournful whimpering sound, and the animal came crawling through the brushwood, wagging his tail, and looking up at me in a beseeching sort of way. No very formidable Cerberus after all; a common terrier of the black and tan breed so usual in old England, gray with age. I like dogs, and I softened my tone as I said: "Well, poor old fellow, how did you come here by yourself, eh?" The dog whined, and tried to jump as high as the hand I held out to him, and then gave a suppressed bark, and bounced into the brushwood again, where I now saw something white, like a wagon tilt, among the myrtles. On drawing nearer, I saw that the white object was a small sailcloth tent, and beyond it were two more of these frail structures, and a country cart stood near, while a gaunt mule was tethered and grazing in a little clearing near the camp. But, although there were heaps of dead wood, and a pile of burned brands, that denoted an extinct fire, and though harness, tool tools, and little household matters were strewed over the moss and turf, no sign of human life could I discern. The dog, now quite hushed, was looking at me wistfully from a few yards off, where he stood on a hillock. I rode up, and there, at my horse's very feet sat, unmoved, and apparently unconscious, a solitary female form. Dressed in a common gown of cotton print, such as emigrants wear, this girl was bending forward so that her head rested on her knees, and her face was quite hidden between her hands. Her figure was slender and graceful in the extreme, and her disordered hair was raven black, and streamed over her hands as she crouched beneath the hillock. A runaway slave! was my first thought. But no; there were no signs of African blood in the flow of her hair or the color of the one pretty wrist which was visible. I was on the point of speaking, when my horse neighed, and the girl looked up with a start, and I could see her face—a pretty face, more than pretty, for it was downright beautiful, with its rose-bloom and pure white, and the dark, lustrous eyes, and well-shaped mouth. But the bright eyes were dimmed and heavy with weeping, and there was something almost wild in the confused glance she gave me. How came she there? "Surely," said I, taking off my hat, in compliance with American custom when addressing a female, even of far inferior rank—"surely you are not here alone." The girl looked doubtfully at me, then wrung her hands, and burst into a fresh fit of weeping, that it was painful to witness. I dismounted, and with the bridle over my arm, approached her, and asked if I could help her or be useful in any way.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "your friends may have left you here, and been detained at a distance, and their delay has alarmed you. If so ——" Here she interrupted me by stretching out one hand in the direction of the three tents, and sobbing out the words: "Dead, all dead!" "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "What has happened? Perhaps I may yet be of service. Speak to me; tell me what misfortune has occurred. You may trust me, my poor girl, for I am a stranger in the land, like yourself, and from the old country too. For I had perceived that the deserted girl was Irish, one of the units in that immense emigration which has been called the Celtic Exodus. Bitterly as she wept, a few words of kindness, spoken in that savage wilderness, so far away from the old home and all its scenes, produced their effect, and Ellen Neale—that was her name—told me her short story.

She had come to America, being an orphan, with her only surviving relative, "Uncle Cassidy," and his wife and children, and for a time they had done well. John Cassidy had been a blacksmith, a sober, well-conducted man, and the family had thriven fairly, until, in an evil hour, the offer of great wages had lured its chief into the South. Cassidy had been to Charleston, and to Columbia, and to Savannah, and was, in company with another family from Ireland, making his way back to the North-west, when death stopped him and his upon the road. Under those tents lay the dead bodies of the smith, his wife and little ones, and those of their kindred, the Rourkes. In all, there were nine corpses. Cholera, reared and fostered like a snake amid the pestilent vegetation of the reeking swamp, where the unlucky camp had been pitched—cholera had in twenty-four hours slain old and young, and left but one weak maiden alive to mourn for the departed. Such instances are but too common. In the deep forest or on the boundless prairie, many a nameless mound covers the grave of a whole household, cut off at once by privations, or sickness, or the arrows of the savage. I had heard of such misfortunes before, but never had they been brought so home to me. As I stood holding the rein of my fidgety horse, and looked at the utter desolation of that poor, weeping mourner, crouching there among the weird, semi-tropic trees, from which the silvery Spanish moss drooped like a shroud, I thought I had never before witnessed a scene so sad or so strange. It was long before Ellen became composed; but when I suggested that the day was waning, that the town was a long way off, and that she must of necessity repair to Augusta under my escort, she broke into the long wailing cry of hopeless sorrow peculiar to the women of her country. The dog pressed close to her, and whimpered, and licked her hands. At last, I bethought me of suggesting that, unless we hastened to the town, proper respect could not be paid to the lifeless remains of her dead kinsfolk, whose burial must be speedy. Then she rose submissively, and hastily tying up her hair, wrapped her shawl round her, and said she was ready. Some little difficulty now arose. I could not make my entry into gossiping, scandal-loving Augusta with Ellen Neale seated behind me on my horse, like a maid of romance behind a knight-errant; and although there was a cart, with a mule to draw it, the Irish girl had no skill in driving, and the road was rough and entangled. I was obliged to fasten Saladin behind the cart, in which I placed Ellen as comfortably as I could, and taking the mule's bridle, I prepared to lead the creature through the narrow forest track. Ellen gave a fearful glance at the tents; her heart smote her at the apparent desertion: "O, sir," said she, with eager supplication, "will you promise me that we shall come back to-night, to-night? I could not sleep in a town, and they lying there!" I promised. We started, of course, at a foot's pace, and the old dog, barking, ran before us as we plodded on. And as we went, I drew from Ellen some further particulars of her brief history.

Left an orphan very early, she had been, it seemed, brought up in the house of her father's brother, an old parish priest in Connaught, who had taken pains with her education, as education is understood by ecclesiastics of his caste and country. This, at any rate, accounted for what had puzzled me, the propriety of diction and manner—perhaps elegance is a fitter word—with which Ellen expressed herself, and which seemed extraordinary in a peasant maiden. Father Neale had taught her many things, even something of the foreign tongues he had learned at Douai, and had wished, in his simplicity, to make her a governess. But when the good priest was dead, no resource remained for the orphan niece but to accept the hospitality of another kinsman, Cassidy the smith, just then on the point of emigrating to America to better the fortunes of his family. Cassidy had been a good man, and his wife a motherly, warm-hearted woman; but I fancy the poor niece had missed, many a day, the cultured talk, the pleasant studies, and the higher sympathy of her former guardian.

"That was *his* dog, sir," said Ellen, smiling on the faithful brute that looked up lovingly at her. "Yes, poor Toby came with us from Ireland, the only old friend left!" And the bereaved girl sobbed and moaned as if her heart would break.

But now we were out of the forest, and among the fields, and on a road which was more deserving of the name than the irregular path along which we had hitherto journeyed. We had met one or two country farmers, too, trotting homewards on their raw-boned nags, and they had stared at my companion and myself with a scrutiny the reverse of flattering. I began to cogitate on what might be the best course to pursue. I could not take Ellen with me to the boarding-house where I lodged, still less could I place her, alone and unprotected, in one of the noisy caravanseries of the town. In the first case her reputation might suffer; and in the second she was by no means secure from the annoyances which her great beauty and unfriended condition might bring upon her, in the midst of so much unbridled ruffianism. Here, then, was a dilemma, made only the more perplexing by the unconsciousness of the person principally concerned. The stunning blow of the sudden bereavement had in a manner served to benumb the girl's faculties, and she was but gradually recovering her accustomed powers of perception. For the present, it was for me to decide on what was fittest, and the responsibility puzzled me sorely. I made it my task, as delicately as possible, to discover from Ellen what acquaintances she had on that side of the Atlantic, and what might be her views as regarded the future. The information I received was not, at first, of a reassuring character. One or two names the girl had treasured in her memory as those of friends, or rather of friendly acquaintances, persons, at any-rate, who had shown good-will towards herself and her unfortunate relations; but, alas! they all belonged to dwellers in Northern cities, or to the farmers of the North-west. Ellen had not long been in the South; she had seen little that was pleasant there, but much to alarm and disgust her, and she shook her head hopelessly when I inquired who, in Georgia or Carolina, would afford her a temporary protection. "Think again," said I. "Surely you must be known to some one who would not scruple to receive you beneath a friendly roof. Is there no lady, no grave and respectable citizen of Savannah, which town you have so lately left, who"—

"No, no!" broke out the Irish girl passionately; "not one! I am known to no one but a few who are too poor to support me, were I willing to become a burden to them; and the only rich man to whom my poor uncle was known—the wretch! I would sooner die of hunger in the swamps than eat bread of his."

It cost me infinite pains to soothe poor Ellen, so far as to induce her to explain her aversion for this person, whose very mention seemed so distressing.

But at last she told me that her uncle had worked in the foundery of a wealthy iron-master of Savannah, and that the employer had thought fit, though an elderly man, to persecute her with hateful attentions. For a long time, the girl had contented herself with silently repulsing the advances of the gray-haired sinner; but at last she had been so frightened as to complain to her uncle. John Cassidy had remonstrated with his employer, had been answered by sneers and taunts, had knocked the insulter down on the threshold of his own foundery, and had had to leave his work in consequence, and to set off on the journey in which the pestilence had barred his course.

"His name?" I asked indignantly; for although, I am afraid, such things have happened before, the sight of a beautiful woman in tears rouses all the champion in one's nature.

"Joel Mathewson," said the girl, slowly and unwillingly.

"What!" cried I; "Joel Mathewson that lives in the large bay-windowed house in Franklin street with the great garden and high walls; Elder Mathewson as they call him?"

"The same," answered Ellen, flushing angrily at the detested name, which ought hardly to have surprised me. A bad man was Joel Mathewson, one of the worst of a bad genus of Americans; a planter, a manufacturer, a banker, and also, it was said, a slave-dealer under the rose, he was one of the most opulent men in Savannah, and in spite of his profligacy, was an elder of his Church, a distinction due to his wealth and cunning. He was sanctimonious withal, and could talk unctuously and make canting speeches by the hour. He owned estates; his money multiplied amazingly; and he had twice married heiresses of fair plantations, who had soon been glad to hide their wedded misery in the grave. In person, he was a bony, cadaverous, tall old man, with iron-gray hair, a yellow face, and eyes, glaring intensely from under his shaggy brows. I knew the man, because he was a director of my railway company, and he had a house in Augusta, where he spent part of the Summer. But all this did not help me to find a secure and creditable refuge for Ellen Neale, the poor waif I had found in the forest. We were getting near Augusta; villas began to dot the country round, and roofs to congregate. The black servants who were lounging about their masters' gates rolled their goggle-eyes as they espied us, and laughed with true negro enjoyment of anything singular or ludicrous. I began to feel uncomfortable, and to look forward with no pleasant feelings to my entry into the city as the leader of such a procession, when the upright form of Brother Boaz became visible in the distance. The honest Quaker, dressed, as usual, in formal drab, with broad-brimmed hat and stout walking-cane, was advancing at his customary sedate pace, when I espied him, and hailed him more gladly than I had ever done before. Mr. Boaz Bingley, I own, looked in rather a scared way at first at the invading force under my command; but when in hurried words I explained the manner of my becoming acquainted with Ellen, and the sad events of the preceding night, the worthy man was much moved. He was the first to suggest his own house as the most fitting shelter for the lorn wayfarer, and he gave the invitation with such simple, eager kindness that Ellen could not choose but utter a grateful acceptance. Instead, therefore, of entering the streets, we turned off to the Quaker's pretty dwelling, with its great trees and admirably kept garden, and which was situated in the outskirts of the town. It is not every head of a family, even among the Friends, who could venture to bring home an unexpected guest, and that guest a beautiful young female, with the certainty that the invitation to remain would be echoed by his woman kind. But if I had any doubts, they were dispelled by the tender courtesy and hospitality with which the tearful visitor was received by the quiet Quaker matron and her talkative sister-in-law. All primness melted at the sight of the girl's grief like frost in the sunshine. The stranger was made welcome indeed; and I declare that Mrs. Bingley's somewhat homely features seemed to my eyes to grow absolutely beautiful as she took the hands of the friendless maiden in hers, and drew her towards her with motherly cordiality. Ellen's heart was very full; the presence and sympathy of one of her own sex were a real relief to her, and soon she was sobbing on the breast of her kindly hostess—the good Samaritan who had "taken her in."

Meanwhile, I proceeded in another apartment to discuss with Brother Boaz the arrangements for the burial of those luckless immigrants who were lying dead in the swamp, and whose interment could not be long postponed. At that time, there was no place of worship in Augusta for members of the Church of Rome; it was necessary to send by telegraph to Savannah, if the offices of a Catholic priest were required; while, without considerable expense and delay, it would be impossible to lay the bodies in consecrated ground. Such, however, is often the case in the wild West. A shallow trench is scooped under a giant tree, or among the waving prairie-grass, the dead are hastily laid beneath the earth by the hands of father, or brother, or comrade, and perhaps a half-forgotten prayer is muttered by a rough-visaged man, or a few verses read from an old Bible by a careworn woman, and the little mound is left like a speck in the wilderness. In this case, there *was* an opportunity of obtaining the services of a clergyman of the creed in which the wanderers had died; and although I was a Protestant, and Mr. Bingley a sincere believer in his own tenets, we knew what a comfort it would be to Ellen Neale to hear the solemn service of her Church solemnly read over the resting-place of the departed. I undertook to send off the message by telegraph, while Brother Boaz was hospitably active in pressing all sorts of refreshments on the visitor, and Sister Ruth was bustling to get ready for her use a chamber, already the perfection of neatness. The priest came, and we set out before moonrise for the forest, in a light-covered wagon, belonging to the Bingleys, and which was drawn by two good horses, and driven by one of their negro servants. When I say "servant," in this instance, I do not mean "slave," familiar as such refining away of the ugly word is in the South. Although many of the most strait-laced members of various Churches reconcile it to their conscience to become owners of human flesh and blood, Brother Boaz would neither buy a slave nor hire one from his proprietor. He was true to his inward monitor in this, although he incurred great occasional odium, at all times of popular ferment, by his uncompromising resolve to keep his hands clean from all meddling with the accursed thing. The Bingleys, therefore, were served by free blacks, men and women, lawfully hired at fair wages, and free to come and go; and I dare say I never heard of one tithe of the persecutions, the brutal threats, the grave remonstrances, and the mob-outrages which this quaintly honest family had to endure in consequence. To my great joy, I heard that they had quitted the South at the first signs of civil war and military violence, or I should indeed tremble for them *now*.

The wagon was driven by a negro, a middle-aged, industrious fellow, who had saved enough of the fruits of basket-weaving and tinkering to buy his freedom. He drove well, but at a great pace, as men of color love to do, and Brother Boaz had often to repeat the mild reproof: "Nay, friend Apollo—such being the heathen name by which I must still address thee, a Christian freeman—be not over-hasty; lay by thy whip, friend, and be merciful with the lash, or thee will spoil the cattle." In the wagon sat, besides the Quaker, the priest from Savannah, Ellen, and myself. We had a long, dull drive before we reached the little clearing, where the tents stood in a cluster, and where the axes, and kettles, and the rifle lay among the brush, or rested against a tree, just as they had been carelessly deposited by hands that never should lift them more. And there we dug the graves, in which we laid, with gentle touch and reverent hearts, the lifeless forms that a day before had been so full of life, and all its hopes and yearnings. Two strong men, the bread-winners and props of honest households; their wives, from whom in death they were not divided; a tall stripling; a girl not far from womanhood, but cut off in her spring-time; and three young children, who had played but a little while in the bright, fair world, the wicked, weary world—such were those whom we laid to rest beneath the sod. Ellen's tears fell thick and fast, and no one present was quite unmoved as the funeral-service of the Church of Rome, somewhat curtailed from its accustomed length, was recited over the uncoffined forms and the hurriedly-dug graves beneath the cypress clump. The moon, which had looked at us so placidly through the matted boughs of the forest, went down before the priest had spoken the last words of solemn hope and blessing; and it was by the light of a lantern that we filled in the earth, and arranged the turf, and planted a rude cross, round which the girl twined some flowers, which she had begged for the purpose from the Quaker's garden. We reached Augusta but an hour before daylight, but none of us grudged the slumber we had lost; and to the sorrowing mourner herself it was a great consolation that her kindred had received the last offices of religion, and had been placed by friendly hands in their lowly tomb.

For several weeks, Ellen continued to be an inmate of the Bingleys' house. Her conduct there confirmed the good impression which we had all conceived of her from the experience of that first sad meeting. She had no wish to eat the bread of idleness; and the cheerful, neat-handed help which she afforded in the domestic affairs of that honest family won praise from all. Her presence in the house, too, and her companionship, were delightful to Mrs. Bingley and Ruth, who were necessarily severed from friendly intercourse with their equals in that slave-driving community. Even Brother Boaz, though as little accustomed to flatter as to upbraid, smiled a grim smile as he remarked that Ellen's sojourn with them was a sunshine, yea, as much pleasant sunshine. For my own part, I own that I called at the Bingleys' house much oftener than I had been in the habit of doing, and that Ellen had always a kind glance and a welcome for me; but there need be no mistake respecting the nature of my interest in the fair girl to whom I had been able to render some slight service. There was no commonplace story of romance there. The young surveyor did not lose his heart to her whom he had found forlorn in the forest, nor did Ellen's fluttering color and downcast look betray any fatal secret of misplaced affections. On the contrary, the frank Irish girl always met me with perfect confidence, and a good-will which was only too respectful to be sisterly. In Ellen's eyes, the difference between her rank and mine was greater than Mayfair would allow to exist, and a civil engineer was a learned gentleman. It was by mere accident, by the casual mention of a name, that I one day discovered that Ellen Neale had already plighted her young faith in solemn betrothal to a countryman of her own, a certain James O'Shea, whom I had known and liked in scenes far remote. When I was employed in California, in the extension of San Francisco harbor-works, James O'Shea had been a sub-contractor there, and he had afterwards helped me to lay out roads in the interior. A lively, well-principled young fellow was James, and steady for an Irishman of three-and-twenty. He had good parts enough; the laborers would do anything at his bidding; and if he had but possessed more scientific knowledge of his profession, he might have outstripped many of us. I was able to tell Ellen of her lover's present abode, to her great relief, for she had not heard from him for months, and many a pang had this ignorance cost her. But O'Shea was employed in Oregon, a barbarous district where the kid-gloved members of our fraternity were reluctant to accept engagements, and from which letters did not always arrive with regularity or safety. I myself was only aware through mere chance that O'Shea was there, earning a high salary in the midst of the sanguinary Indian war, but continually exposed to peril of no common order.

"Ah, sir," sighed poor Ellen, "it is all for my sake that he is so eager to make a fortune quickly. I begged him to have a care, but he has the heart of a lion, and never seems to think harm can happen."

It appeared that the plan of these betrothed lovers had been, that when O'Shea was rich enough to maintain a wife in such simple comfort as that in which Ellen, a poor farmer's daughter, a poor priest's niece had been reared, they should return home, and live and die where their fathers had died.

"Then," said I, in some surprise, "you and James had no idea of settling down in America?"

"Heaven forbid!" answered the girl. "We are not avaricious, sir, and could be content with a farm at home, and plain living in the dear old country; but it must be in Ireland, sir, among the healthy mountains and swift rivers where we were reared, and where we played as children among the wild-flowers at the brook-side. I would not live *here* for all the gold in California. I have had too much sorrow and fear in America, sir, ever to like to live in it."

Sorrow and fear! Alackaday! poor Ellen's portion of both was not yet exhausted. It was with a cloud on her brow and a trembling lip that she told me one day that she had seen Elder Joel Mathewson watching the house. He had paced up and down for a while and had then stood under a great tulip-tree at the corner of the Quaker's garden, and had fixed his eyes on Ellen as she sat working in the verandah with a glare like that of a wolf outside a guarded fold; and when she rose to go in, he had waved his bony hand, and grinned a salutation. Another day, an old negress had brought a letter, written on perfumed paper, and accompanied by a present of jewelry.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"I cannot tell," said Ellen, flushed and scornful. "I tore the letter across and across, and threw it on the ground, and the jewel case with it. The old woman carried both away. Oh, I hope I shall hear no more of the wretch!"

But the next day the elder appeared again in the lane, and not alone; he was with his attorney, a man after his own taste, and two strangers of no pleasant aspect, keen-eyed, dirty Southerners, dressed in shabby finery. They hung about the house, staring at Ellen if she appeared at the window. For the next week, I was very busy, but at last I found time to call at the Quaker's residence. Everything was in confusion and dismay. The women were crying and lamenting; Brother Boaz was pacing the room, with an angry spot on his pale cheek.

"What has happened?"

"Ellen!"

"How?"

"Gone! carried off under warrant of law. The slave-catchers have been here."

AFRICA.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

She sat where the level sands
Sent back the sky's fierce glare;
She folded her mighty hands,
And waited with calm despair,
While the red sun dropped down the streaming air.

Her throne was broad and low,
Builded of cinnamon;—
Huge ivory, row on row,
Varying its columns dun,
Barred with the copper of the setting sun.

Up from the river came
The low and sullen roar
Of lions, with eyes of flame,
That haunted its reedy shore,
And the neigh of the hippopotamus,
Trampling the watery floor.

Her great dusk face no light
From the sunset-glow could take;
Dark as the primal night:
Ere over the earth God spake;
It seemed for her a dawn could never break.

She opened her massy lips,
And sighed with a dreary sound,
As when, by the sands' eclipse,
Bewildered men are bound,
And, like a train of mourners,
The columned winds sweep round.

She said: "My torch at fount of day
I lit, now smoldering in decay;
Through futures vast I grope my way.

"I was sole Queen the broad earth through;
My children round my knees upgrew,
And from my breast sucked Wisdom's dew.

"Day after day to them I hymned;
Fresh knowledge still my song o'erbrimmed.
Fresh knowledge which no time had dimmed.

"I sang of Numbers; soon they knew
The spell they wrought, and as the blue
Foretold the stars in order due;—

"Of Music; and they fain would rear
Something to tell its influence clear;
Uprose my Memnon, with nice ear.

"To wait upon the morning air,
Until the sun rose from his lair
Swifter, at peal of lutings rare.

"I sang of Forces whose great hands
Could knit together feeble hands
To uprear Thought's supreme commands;

"Then, like broad tents, beside the Nile,
They pitched the Pyramids' great pile;
Where light and shade divided smile;

"And on white walls, in stately show,
Did Painting with fair movement go,
Leading the long procession slow.

"All laws that wondrous nature taught,
To serve my children's skill I brought,
And still for fresh devices sought.

"What need to tell? they lapsed away,
Their great light quenched in twilight gray,
Within their winding tombs they lay;

"And centuries went slowly by,
And looked into my sleepless eye,
Which only turned to see them die.

"The winds like mighty spirits came,
Alive and pure and strong as flame,
At last to lift me from my shame;

"For oft I heard them onward go,
Felt in the air their great wings row,
As down they dipped in journeying slow.

"Their course they steered above my head,
One strong voice to another said,
'Why sits she here so drear and dead?

"'Her kingdom stretches far away;
Beyond the utmost verge of day
Her myriad children dance and play.'

"Then throbbed my mother's heart again,
Then knew my pulses finer pain,
Which wrought like fire within my brain.

"I sought my young barbarians, where
A mellower light broods on the air,
And heavier blooms swing incense rare.

"Swart-skinned, crisp-haired, they did not shun
The burning arrows of the sun;
Erect as palms stood every one.

"I said—These shall live out their day
In song and dance and endless play;
The children of the world are they.

"Nor need they delve with heavy spade;
Their bread on emerald dishes laid,
Sets forth a banquet in each shade.

"Only the thoughtful bees shall store
Their honey for them evermore;
They shall not learn such toilsome lore;

"Their finest skill shall be to snare
The birds that flaunt along the air,
And deck them in their feathers rare.

"So centuries went on their way,
And brought fresh generations gay
On my savannahs green to play.

"There came a change. They took my free,
My careless ones, and the great sea
Blew back their endless sighs to me.

"With earthquake shudderings oft the mold
Would gape; I saw keen spears of gold
Thrusting red hearts down, not yet cold,

"But throbbing wildly; dreadful groans
Stole upward through Earth's ribbed stones,
And crept along through all my zones.

"I sought again my desert bare,
And still they followed on the air,
And still I hear them everywhere.

"So sit I dreary, desolate,
Till the slow-moving hand of Fate
Shall lift me from my sunken state."

Her great lips closed upon her moan;
Silently sate she upon her throne,
Rigid and black, as carved in stone.

THE FREEDMEN IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

From The Cincinnati Free Nation.

The Corresponding Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Commission has just returned from a visit to Middle Tennessee, and the front of the army of the Cumberland, and has possessed himself of the general facts in regard to a field which will soon make very large demands upon the benevolence of the North. Within the present lines of the army, the number of the freedmen is less than in the districts which have been occupied by Gen. Grant. The rebel armies and rebel owners have gathered up and driven South very large numbers of the slaves, especially the able-bodied ones, both women and men, with the double purpose of preventing them from falling into our hands, and of using them for their own benefit.

Again, it has not been the policy of Gen. Rosecrans, we think, to favor the coming of families, and large companies of escaping slaves into his lines and camps, as has been the case in some other locations, so that for the present, this field is a different one from those on the coast or along the Mississippi. Notwithstanding this, however, there are already thousands at different points and scattered through the army as laborers, for whose welfare and instruction means should at once be provided, and for whom little or nothing has as yet been done. A small Colony is at Gallatin, and this will probably be increased, but it needs a more efficient system for its management, than its best friends are able to adopt now. It needs a support from some strong organization at the North, instead of depending upon irregular, and therefore ineffectual efforts.

A large number, no one can say exactly how large, is at Nashville; for them, it is thought, little or nothing is done. There is certainly no systematic effort, of which anything is known. The servants and hired laborers of all descriptions in the army, form a large body, and the only effort in their behalf, so far as is known, is the occasional learning of a lesson by a few, from some of the kind-hearted soldiers. Of course this amounts to but little, almost nothing, amid the constant interruption of camp life. Yet here are thousands who might by some proper system be taught, and many are anxious to learn. They have neither books nor teachers.

At Elk River the organization of three colored regiments has just been begun, and Gen. Thomas is expected to be almost immediately at this Department to systematize the work. As nearly as could be ascertained, about one thousand are gathered at the Elk River Station. They are being drilled regularly, and will soon be armed, so that the policy of raising and arming colored troops has at length been put in practice in the army of the Cumberland. There will be no backward step, and soon a large body of troops will be in the field, for whose spiritual and intellectual welfare no provision has yet been made. This should at once be done. The rapidity with which these troops are being gathered may be learned from the fact that within a few days it is said about one thousand negroes, mostly men, have been brought into Winchester alone, by our cavalry, from Northern Alabama and Georgia, and this work is constantly going on.

These facts, however, do not indicate the vast work that is to be thrown upon the North in this new field. The families of those who have come within the lines of the army cannot long remain, where they now are, with their masters, or on the deserted plantations, without care and aid from some quarter. If they are thus left they must perish. The country is stripped of both food and clothing, and blacks and whites must positively perish together, unless some systematic effort is made in their behalf. If the universal testimony of those on the spot may be trusted there is no escape for multitudes without assistance. The Summer and the time of Summer fruits are nearly over, and starvation and nakedness are but a little removed from a multitude.

Already children and *youth* are to be found with no clothes of any kind, entirely naked.

Let those who read ponder these things and consider what can be done. Let them remember also that what is done, must be done *quickly*. Clothing of all kinds, but especially for women and children, must be had soon, or, not blacks alone but whites will perish in the Autumn and early Winter. Nor is this all. The moment the rebel lines along the Tennessee are broken up by the next advance of the army there will be a backward rush of the multitudes that have been forced South, not alone of men, but of their families.

An officer of high rank gave it as his opinion, that in six months half a million of freedmen would be thrown upon our hands in this one department. No system has been proposed as yet for their reception. But a system must be organized, and friends of humanity, we beg you to consider what you will do to enable the Commission to perform this work. It will press upon us at once. Further information will soon be given.

A BLESSED MEETING.

From The American Baptist.

It was in a Sixth Avenue car. The exercises were begun by the appearance of a well-dressed, tidy looking colored woman who wanted to ride, but was refused.

"Have you followed the example of the Eighth Avenue Co.?" said a passenger to the conductor.

"No; but this is not a colored car; one passes every fifteen minutes."

"It's a shame," said an elderly and rather aristocratic-looking gentleman, "how you treat your negroes North! We in the South, where they are slaves, have no such prejudices. We walk with them, ride with them, eat with them, and sleep with them."

"Yes," replied the passenger, "but as chattels, and with the proud sense of ownership."

"With free negroes also, sir," said the Southerner; and then, while his eye kindled, he exclaimed, "Why, they are the most inoffensive of all people; enslaved in the South, despised and persecuted in the North, still they bear and forbear, harmless and patient. Let me tell you, sir, I am a Southerner. My home is in Maryland, but from a conviction of right, and a love of the Union, I have liberated my slaves, and am now devoting my best energies to make Maryland free."

While many an eye caught the fire in his own, he continued, "How my blood boiled when I heard of the fiendish massacre of your innocent citizens! I despise the Copperheads; I hate them; so do all the Southerners, loyal and rebel. We know Seymour. He was the instigator of the riot. He is the friend and ally of Jeff. Davis. We have the proofs of his treason, and they will soon be exhibited. Gen. Dix should put him in Fort Lafayette in company with Andrews."

"It is humiliating," said the passenger, "and rouses holy indignation to think, that in this crisis of our history, while our country is struggling to maintain her integrity, which means *her life*, that there are men born under her flag, educated in her schools, and invested with privileges such as no citizen of any other nation possesses—that they so protected should be so ungrateful, and so loved should sink to such a depth of infamy.

"But God rules, and these traitors must be overwhelmed in everlasting disgrace. If anything proved that the devil was incarnate in the mob, it was the orphan asylum on fire; but the deep and general sympathy for the sufferers shows the controlling hand of Providence."

"This, sir, is my confidence," said the Southern patriot. "I scarcely longer walk by faith; I begin to have a sight of that for which I pray. Nearly every intelligent man who goes South with our armies learns the true nature and influence of slavery. A mightier hand than ours has struck this, the source of all our troubles, and it cannot recover. They who sustain it fight against the current of civilization; with puny fingers they think to push the world backward, while God rolls it onward. 'Work and wages!' 'Work and wages!' is the cry that is already ringing through Maryland; the other States will catch it soon, and then, having no cause of disunion, our country will be one as it never has, or could have been before."

"God bless you, sir!" said the passenger, "and give you all the friends among us that you deserve."

What a rebuke is such a man to those hirelings, those patricides, who in substance insist that the Constitution was framed for the special purpose of giving bone and muscle to the hand that strikes at the heart of our government! What a committee he would make to admonish *The Journal of Commerce, The Express, The News* and *The World*, which last, in its editor, has fallen both from grace and from glory!

Blennerhasset, in his own utter selfishness, forgetful of his country's good, hoarsely bawling, "Beef! beef!" was not half so contemptible a sight to men and angels as the heartless demagogues, who to-day, sold to self, with swaying arms and flushed faces, are shouting, "*The Constitution! the Constitution!*" in the ears of a nation, struggling in the blood of its best and bravest, for the right to live and bless the world.

RIVERDALE.

A PLANTATION WALK AROUND.

The confidence of the people in the ultimate and not distant triumph of the government, is so strong and implicit, that they are not disturbed even by the New York *Herald's* fleet of iron-clads. One of our Admirals, who was in Boston the other day, when asked what he thought of these craft, said he rather guessed we could take care of them. The new Mexican monarchy is talked about, but does not frighten anybody. Recognition of the Rebel Confederacy by king Maximilian is looked upon as a pretty good joke, like a couple of beggars touching hats to each other and passing the compliments of the season. The Monroe doctrine isn't dead yet, as some people supposed; and the French Emperor will find that he waited too long before he began to "recognize" the importance of taking advantage of our difficulties. It is pretty evident that thousands and hundreds of thousands of the exhausted and baffled rebels only want a respectable pretext for submission. Some of them say that if the President will save their "honor," by letting them keep their slaves, they will come back again. Others would like nothing better than a chance to make a demonstration against monarchical institutions on this continent, by joining the old Union in reasserting the Monroe doctrine. I do not believe *The Herald's* bogus fleet of iron-clads, if it should appear in our waters, would harm us or help the Confederacy. The assurance of the people in success is amazing, since Vicksburg and Gettysburg. One of the best signs of the times is the Presidential discussion, and another is the reconstruction discussion. Mr. Greeley, in joke or in earnest, deprecates these debates, but cannot keep out of them. Old Abe, in a Springfield and Syracuse letter, discusses the greater question and squints at the lesser one. Everybody knows what he is thinking of, viz., what everybody else is thinking of. If we were in extremities, we should have no time for these questions, but being sure of success, we go into them with a gratifying looseness. If we were a dying nation, we should be making our will and saying our prayers; being an intensely alive one, we send for our architects and make our plans for the future, not forgetting, I hope, invocations of blessing, but hurrying on to do good *works* at any rate. Poor old Mr. Bramlette, of Kentucky, seems to feel badly about something or other. Elected governor by Burnside's proclamation of martial law, he seems to think that old Abe will disband the negro regiments at his particular request! Even Andy Johnson, who, because he behaved well, was allowed by the Abolitionists to represent his Barataria in the Senate two years, and is now by the President's permission flourishing round as Governor of a State which does not exist save in his own imagination—even Andy Johnson thinks he can dictate terms of reconciliation to New York, New England and the West. The Louisville *Journal*, owned by a secessionist, and edited by a soldier of fortune, talks big, putting one in mind of those grandees travellers have told us about, who are sometimes seen sitting by the wayside hedges in Spain, cracking not jokes as Prentice does, but things not so agreeable, and at the same time sporting their mantles and their titles as if they were something besides beggars. "John Adams, Jr.," one of the reliable and intelligent Union men of the South, who has escaped through the rebel lines,